

Clear Horizons



CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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As We Go To Press

How often has someone said to you, "Oh, why don't you grow up?" I am sure it has happened to all of us at sometime, and **Harold Blake Walker** (p. 1) does an excellent job of showing us that all life is a process of growing up, of maturing and putting away childish things . . . God once told Moses to tell the people of Israel that He placed before them daily a "blessing or a curse," and that choice is always there. **Simeon Stylites** (p. 6) draws the picture sharply in showing us that hydrogen is as much a part of life as giving water as it is essential to the hydrogen bomb. The choice is ours—life or death! . . . We seldom realize the impact we have on those with whom we work. Certainly if anyone told us that simply by being ourselves in our place of business we were a witness either for or against Jesus Christ, we might smile a bit and shrug it off. However **Donald M. Robertson** (p. 10) tells a most interesting and challenging story about a nurse who profoundly influenced her fellowworker in a Christian manner—and she probably did not know it . . . All of us are subjected to the stresses of living, and the problem is what to do about them. I once stood on a suspension bridge and felt it sway "dangerously," or so I thought. I found that the bridge either had to sway or break. **Frank W. Robertson** (page 18) applies this principle of swaying with the stresses to daily living in a most effective manner . . . Most people would not think that being a redcap at Grand Central Station would ever bring one before the eyes of all America, but that is precisely what happened to **Ralston Young** (page 37), and it all came about through meeting in train coaches at noon for prayer with other men. That was news! Mr. Young tells you what happens at the prayer group in Grand Central . . . It seems that all churches are engaged in some sort of a building program. All of us who are involved in such hectic enterprises ought to read the story by **Fred Stripp** (p. 45) and take heed . . . Dr. Glenn Clark, founder and editor of **Clear Horizons**, went to heaven last August 26. One cannot look back over his life without being a little awestruck at his accomplishments. He was a rare combination of Christian mysticism and a man of practical achievement. This month instead of the usual "Prayer Works!" that always appears on page 63, the Prayer Tower prints two letters that concern Dr. Clark and which will interest you. Among many other things, Dr. Clark began the Prayer Tower and established it for the future. Everyone in this office thanks God for the privilege of knowing a great soul.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

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"The best is yet to be, when we have learned to meet frustration with faith."

You are Born -- to Grow Up

Harold Blake Walker

When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. (I Corinthians 13:11)

NOTHING could be plainer than the simple fact that we were born to grow up. Everything in nature seems intent upon becoming "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." It was Jan Smuts, the philosopher and statesman, who said in a philosophical way that nature went upon creating wholes, combining wholes. He called his doctrine "holism," and he found God at the heart of it. Browning pointed to the same truth more simply and he wrote:

*At times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,"*

Paul sounded the same note when he wrote, "When I became a man, I put away childish things." We know instinctively that things

are not only what they are at the moment, but also what they can become. Industry spends millions every year to discover what common, ordinary things can become. Scientists toil in thousands of laboratories to discover the possibilities in everything from horses' hoofs to uranium. Psychologists spend endless hours trying to discover the mental possibilities of animals from mice to monkeys. Luther Burbank spent his life trying to discover what trees and flowers and vegetables could become through grafting and crossbreeding. In science and agriculture and industry, nobody is satisfied to leave things as they are. Everybody is intent on discovering what things can become, and upon making the most of the possibilities in what is.

But when it comes to human personality, to ourselves, too often we seem quite content to leave well enough alone. We toil to get the possibilities out of peanuts; but we say with finality, "You can't change human nature." That, of course, is

like saying, "You can't put away childish things." And, of course, there are multitudes who never do "put away childish things." They never mature, and they do not fulfill the possibilities of the whole God planned. They suffer from what psychologists call "arrested development." Today they react to disappointment precisely as they did thirty years ago. They deal with irritations exactly as they did when their house of toy blocks fell when they were three.

But we were born to mature, to grow in mind and spirit. If we reacted with self-pity to a slight at the age of twelve, and we still react with self-pity to a slight at forty, somewhere along the road our emotional growth was arrested. We neglected to "put away childish things." If we responded with anger and resentment to frustration at ten, and we still respond with anger and bitterness to frustration at fifty, then somewhere between ten and fifty our spiritual possibilities were thwarted. If we did our thinking with our feelings at fourteen, and we still do our thinking with our feelings at sixty, then our intellectual growth was interrupted at fourteen, and we never have matured.

Of course, it follows that, if we never have "put away childish things," we cannot possibly say, with Rabbi Ben Ezra:

*Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which
first was made.
Our times are in his hand.*

If we are not growing wiser and better, maturing in knowledge and insight day by day and year by year, the best is not "yet to be." It has already been, and it never was very good.

Of course, there are and should be great differences between youth and maturity. Youth compensates with energy and enthusiasm for what it lacks in mature wisdom and insight. Youth has the future and a world to win. Age has the past and a world already won or lost. Somewhere along the road there comes a fusing of the future and the past, a meeting of memories and possibilities. The memories mark what was possible and leave us with the sadness of regret. The lingering possibilities challenge the time that remains, even though it may be less than we think. What do we put in the place of youth's exuberance? What have we learned from living?

Sometimes, remembering the scope of our own youthful emotions is something of a shock. Not many years ago, perhaps, we danced half the night and began when the band played "Goodnight Ladies." Funny, I don't even know whether "Goodnight, Ladies" started

final gesture of a tired dance. After the dance we could eat burgers and French fries or even banana split, and then be ready for my work without noticing the drain on energy from the night before.

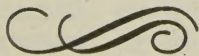
But, now, when we see our children doing what we used to do, ask ourselves, "How on earth can they stand it?" The answer is, of course, that they love it just the way we did once and they have not yet endured the wear and tear of life.

When we come to the midstream, we have put away some of the pleasures of yesterday, what do we have to put in their place? Maybe we have nothing, so we resent the fact that we cannot do what we did yesterday: we grow bitter because we are growing old. Some people do not realize that, and their sunset years are crowned with frustration. They are disposed to think Rabbi Ben Ezra a sentimental fool about the joys of age. Youth, they think, is the best half of life with any joy in it. The last of life is merely a sad and wearisome decline.

Years ago I sat on an open porch with an old man, talking about life. "Would you like to live your life over again?" I asked. He

smiled and shook his head. "I don't think," he answered, "that if God asked me about another trial run, I would say: 'No, thank you, Lord. I've had a wonderful time, and my life is far spent. But if it is all right with you, I would just like to go on and finish this life and take my chances on what comes next.'" He was not bitter or cynical or disillusioned. Life for him had been rich and wonderful. Age was not a burden, and the future still held possibilities of knowledge and insight, friendship and love. And what was beyond the horizon? Well, he would "trust God, see all, and not be afraid."

When energy and vigor fade, and we feel no twinge of envy when we watch the rising generation squandering energy and not seeming to miss it at all, we have "put away childish things." The best is "yet to be" for us if we have learned to meet disappointment with dignity, and frustration with faith, and irritation with insight. Tomorrow will be better than yesterday ever was if we have cultivated knowledge and the love of books, loveliness and the love of beauty, friendship and the love of people, faith and the love of God.



The Art of Swaying with External Stresses

Frank W. Robertson

ARE WE DISTURBED SOMETIMES when we find ourselves wavering in trying to decide under pressure what we should do about problems and how we should do it? Do we sometimes feel that we are failing to live up to the tests of living? Suppose we recall a condition that, at first glance, may seem a bit strange in comparison with this question, but which may have a germ of encouragement for us.

When the Empire State Building in New York was new, it was said that, in times of high wind, the top of its tower would vibrate sharply. As one realizes that the building stands 1,250 feet above the street level and that wind velocities of eighty miles per hour have been experienced at that level, he can understand the reason for such a sway although we think of the Empire State Building as a tower of stability.

But the structure, built around a framework of highest grade builder's steel and anchored deeply in bed rock which almost reaches the surface of Manhattan Island, on which the building is located, stands with firmness that exceeds special-

ized professional estimates and mends the informal rumor that circulated rather freely in New York when it was built. Enough professional skepticism was active, in fact, to justify a special report about a discussion of the reasons for the Empire State Building's stability during storms, at an annual convention of the American Society of Civil Engineers in 1939. This report is the source of the technical information about the building's strength against weather storms on which this line of thought is based.

The significant fact for purposes of this line of thought is that, under the pressure of eight miles per hour gales, the tower of the Empire State Building quivers slightly but returns when the storm is over, to within a very few inches of its mathematically true uprightness, even 1,250 feet above the street; and that, when attacked by roughly equivalent wind pressure from another direction, the forward uprightness of the building is also mathematically true again. The framework of the building, the masonry around it, and natural draft through an air vent along the center line which was included

protection purposes, enable the Empire State Building to waver violently but to keep stable even through the heaviest storms to which New York has yet been exposed.

What does this mean to us, as we struggle with temptations to waver from the strictest details of what we visualize as our Christian commitment? The following line of thought may help to indicate it.

We are buildings of the Eternal, standing among men and nations, subject to all the stresses of everyday life as we grow. Sometimes the stresses to which we are exposed are comparable with the violent winds that attack the corner of the Empire State Building. Sometimes they make us tremble. Unless we can exercise the faith which was offered to Christians by Christ Himself, we face danger of becoming unnerved and warped by them. But are the pressures great enough to overcome our faith?

They can collapse us unless we remember one thing. We who live by the Christ do not have to be unnerved.

When we asked Him to become our Master, He did the rest. He expects us to stand up to the tests of life, but He has offered us the strength required to do so.

Then, with our spirits and bodies as we wanted to do it, we asked Him to take full control over our lives. He took us at our word and

began to build us for dependable usefulness to Himself throughout all eternity. And He wasn't slipshod about it, either.

He sharpened our memories of the Christian lore that we inherited from our parents and others who planted the Christian spirit within us. He watered the seeds of His Spirit within us by leading us into companionship with others whom He had similarly blessed. He gave us the influence of His Church and its leaders who give us our day to day nurture.

He made available to us His climate of fellowship with current friends and memories of old ones for our encouragement in Christian living, much like the sunshine and rain that nourish the plant life of the Earth, and comparable with the daylight that brightens the offices of the Empire State building—much more skillfully accomplished than was done in earlier New York skyscrapers. He gave us the influence of His patience, His kindness and His courage, through the environment of reading matter, formal speeches, informal conversation—in fact, through everything around us. All this is part of his climate for our growth, when we have eyes to recognize Him through it all.

He even allows tests to come to us in order that we may measure for ourselves the Christian stamina that He is building within us. We

bend, we sway, we groan, somewhat like reports tell us can be heard in the Empire State building during heavy storms. But we are not broken; our Christ sees to that.

Comparable with the strength of the framework of that building, our Christ alloys Himself into the very composition of our beings in a way that enables us to withstand the pulling forces of our tasks, the resistance of the obstacles we meet, and the twisting forces of the problems which we are called on to decide. He doesn't do all this in a day. Remember, He is building us for Eternity, and that isn't done in an instant. He is using every situation that we are called on to face as steps in His process.

And absolutely vital through it all, He *is* with us "always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28: 20). Remember, He didn't limit the timing of His commitment. He did not *promise* His presence for some time in the distant future; He *committed* it, on the spot and forever. He did not restrict His commitment to that place which we think of as Heaven; and He did not limit it to the end of the Earth. He clearly emphasizes His presence with us *now* and "to the end of the WORLD."

The majesty of His presence includes the power that enabled God Himself to assume human form as Jesus, to walk the Earth in human

flesh, to endure the shafts of physical death at the hands of His countrymen, to overcome all the tortures of Hell, to return triumphant to Earth on the day we celebrate Easter, to return to Glory before the eyes of His disciples, and to come back to them and even to you as me as the Holy Spirit of final triumph.

In the face of evidence like this, why should we lose faith as we view the international scene with all its repercussions, described to us in the language of fear, jealousy, hatred, and all the malice that goes into a combination? Why should we doubt faith in our fellow men as we confront the obstacles of our daily task?

We grow uneasy, of course. But are not these conditions the testing of ourselves, comparable to the testing by the winds of the Empire State building's tower, which make it waver but which cannot prevent it from righting itself?

The framework of the Church. The Spirit lives on and on within us. He rights us when we waver. He lifts us when we fall. He adds strength to that which we already hold in trust for Him.

With this realization, we who have committed ourselves completely to Him cannot be less than completely faithful to Him, over and over against all the battering that external storms can level at us.

"I leave to you the greatest of all gifts."

Captain Jim's Will

H. Hoyt Cox

ALTHOUGH he had been an inmate of the local mental institution for nearly thirty years, no one in Dyerville knew anything about Captain Jim, the old Irish-American War veteran. Ruth had it that after the war he married a young actress of unusual beauty and charm. From all accounts he had been happily married. However, one day he received a registered letter from his wife informing him that she was leaving him for someone else. Two days later his neighbors found him unconscious on the floor, he was taken to the hospital, where he lingered between life and death for several

After he regained consciousness it was observed that his memory of past events was gone. With kindness and care he rapidly recovered his physical strength and was transferred to the Home at Dyerville. There he endeared himself to all, for he was always eager to help others, always doing little favors for his poor patients. The night the big storm knocked down the wires he trudged three miles through the snow to get Doctor Barnes to attend the superintendent's daughter who had been severely burned when a kero-

sene lamp was tipped over. Then there was the time he nursed feeble-minded Jesse Moore who had pneumonia, refusing to leave the sick man's bedside for food or sleep until Jesse finally passed away.

Not long after his commitment, Captain Jim was permitted freedom of the grounds. He was allowed to visit town, where he became acquainted with many of the people. Soon he had won the affection of all who knew him.

Then it happened. One day someone had a flat tire in front of the home, and Captain Jim went out to help change it. But the exertion was too much for him, and, while jacking up the car, he suddenly clutched his chest, gave a sharp cry, and fell unconscious. He was carried to the dispensary by orderlies, but it was too late—Captain Jim was dead.

After the funeral, folks were surprised to read a notice in the local paper announcing the reading of his will. Everyone had assumed Captain Jim to be penniless, and it was a large crowd that assembled at the institution on the day of the reading. A local lawyer, Horace White, began reading:

"Last will and testament of Cap-

tain James Groves.

"I, James Groves, do hereby will and bequeath to my dear friends my love and appreciation for the many kind and thoughtful acts which have made my life a happy one.

"To my fellow patients I leave the loving care of the doctors and nurses, the hope of recovery, and the quick return to their loved ones.

"I will the warm and beautiful sunshine to cheer and comfort them. I will the cool summer breezes and the sunset behind the hill with its gold and purple clouds, symbolic of a new and better life. For, as

the sun goes down, it will rise again at dawn, signaling the beginning of a new and brighter day.

"I leave to you the greatest of all gifts, the love of God and eternal salvation through His son, Jesus Christ. May this great love comfort, strengthen, and sustain you as long as you live. And may His love dwell in your hearts and make your lives channels of love and blessings for all with whom you come in contact."

As the crowd dispersed, no word was spoken, but nearly everyone wiped a tear from his eyes.



Incarnate Love

Christina G. Rossetti

Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and Angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,
Love incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
But wherewith for sacred sign?

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and Love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.

"I was thirsty and you gave me drink."

Hydrogen -- Life or Death?

OR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

IR: The word "hydrogen" has certainly been the word of the year. To many people it seems worst word in the dictionary, it is not a great help to be that it may not hold that dissonance very long. "Cobalt" may be worse. In case you are thinking of cobalt as just a nice blue color, cobalt bomb, we are told, can blow out all life in the United States.

There used to be an old song, snuffed out by childish voices, "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea." Now that fantastic song has become an even more fantastic reality. Hydrogen did rip a hole in the bottom of the sea, as well as sink an island.

About eight years ago Christopher Isherwood wrote a little verse which is irreverent at first glance. He pictured God dictating to an angel, and a big explosion is heard. "What is that?" asks God. "Oh," says the angel, "they have just put an atom bomb down on the earth." God says: "Take a memorandum. Tell those boys they had better make friends with themselves. Next time they have only scratched the surface. The next time they may finish the whole works."

Nine years ago that was amusing. It is funny no longer.

Yet the word "hydrogen" rings a bell in the mind. It was not always a portent. There is one chemical formula that is rather widely known, H_2O . It stands for water. In the words of Jesus, water is the symbol of service to humanity. "And whosoever shall give to one of these little ones even a cup of cold water." "I was thirsty and you gave me drink."

There is the choice of our generation and world—hydrogen in the form of death, or hydrogen in the form of life, as water, the symbol of service. Sentimental? Not by a long shot. That is hard-headed, realistic politics. The way to meet the challenge of communism is not by the violence of the H-bomb, but by service to the world, symbolized by cold H_2O .

That has been put into clear and timely language by a man who has never been called a sentimentalist even by his worst enemies, though he has frequently been regarded as too hard-boiled, George Kennan, former ambassador to Russia. In his recent lectures at Princeton, Mr. Kennan counseled against attempts to solve the world communist problem

by war for violent liberation of Soviet-bloc people from outside. He said that the best answer is to promote unity here at home, and to encourage the progress of other countries outside the iron curtain. Existence of freedom abroad helps automatically to disrupt the commu-

nist empire from within. In our words, aid to the free world, rather than violence.

We are in the Hydrogen Age. Will you have your hydrogen-bomb or the cup of cold water?

Yours,

SIMEON STYLITS



Christian Living

Nona Keen Duffy

I will give thought
To all I say,
And speak more lovingly
This day,
I'll bless each one I greet.

The words I speak
Today, will be
Those which will best
Express through me
God's love for those I meet.

I would reflect
His love and joy
To every girl
And every boy
Whoever they may be.

I would express
God's peace and power
And let His love
Flow through each hour
And clearly speak through me.

"Somehow I knew that I would live and play again."

A Candle Burned in My Heart

H. N. Ferguson

THE AUDIENCE OF HOUSTON music lovers relaxed in their seats as twenty-five-year-old George Riabikoff held them mesmerized with the haunting quality of his music. Fascinated, they watched his short-fingered hands fly across the keys, saw them move instinctively for a certain mood to interpret a composition. The audience marveled that such a young man could be so advanced in his artistry. Only the broken, maimed hands of this accomplished musician testified at the price he had paid for the perfection of his talent.

Riabikoff plays like an angel. One of the finest pianistic artists of today laud his impeccable technique and the depth of feeling his nimble fingers are capable of expressing. "He is a real and great artist," declared Gina Bachauer enthusiastically.

But a close observer would note the almost invisible scar of suffering deep in the blue-green, penetrating eyes of this artist—eyes which sparkle today with a luster that could have been polished only by the flow of many tears. For George Riabikoff is the living, smiling proof that a man can miraculously survive almost anything if he holds on—and with unlimited faith.

His story begins at the age of

four when, so tiny he could walk under the piano, he was recognized as a prodigy and began giving public concerts. For the next several years he studied under some of the finest masters in Europe.

But there was a malevolent something stirring in the air. War clouds were forming their dread patterns of destruction. Then the Nazi juggernaut rumbled into action and began gobbling up defenseless nations. George, a young Christian, watched with growing horror the brutal persecution of Jewish people who had been his friends. Courageously, he attempted to hide many of them—often in caves or musty catacombs.

Then came the night he will remember forever. He was crossing a mine field on an errand of mercy and his luck ran out. There was a jarring explosion and a blinding flash when the mine exploded. Unconsciousness mercifully blacked out his agony. When he regained his senses, he was a prisoner of the Gestapo.

When he was able to talk again he was subjected to terrifying hours of inquisition by the Nazis. They demanded that he tell where the Jewish people were hidden. He refused.

The Gestapo was aware that Ria-

bikoff was a boy pianist and that his hands were his life. They began a diabolical torture routine designed to force him into delivering up his secret. Piercing his palms with red hot spikes was their introduction to the niceties of modern warfare. Trembling in an agony of pain, George held his silence. They broke his fingers and wrists and added the final touch by crushing his hands in a steel door jamb. At last they were finished but they had been unable to force the desired information from the lips of the broken youth.

They threw him into a concentration camp and permitted him to seek medical attention. The verdict of the doctors: amputation of both hands above the wrists.

That was when George really began to fight. "I could not accept their decision," he says. "There was a candle burning in my heart. Somehow I knew I would live and play again." Months of rigid concentration camp discipline and the experience of seeing Berlin leveled by devastating bombing attacks failed to shake his belief. Then the surging Allied armies moved in and

he was free.

Today Riabikoff laughs with true, deep joy. "It is so wonderful to be happy again and to feel the warm feeling of people around me. That is what I want about this country," he declared. "It is not the beautiful cars, the fabulous buildings, and the great wealth, but the friendship of the people." George is now well on his way to becoming an American citizen.

After his return to freedom Riabikoff began slowly and deliberately to rehabilitate himself. Gritting his teeth when the agony became almost unbearable, he spent long painful hours at practice to retrain his gnarled and paralyzed hands. Little by little he regained his former wizardry at the keyboard.

One night, shortly after the war, he gave a concert near Frankfurt.

"A man was there that night," he recalls, "wearing a plain suit. His name was Dwight Eisenhower. He didn't know my story, but he looked at me, and shook my hand. 'I can see from your smile,' he said, 'that you have suffered. One day the world will smile back at you.' And it has.

* * * * *

Why should I shrink from the plow of my Lord that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know He is no idle husbandman; He purposeth a crop.—*S. Rutherford*

"Churches are not created to be worshipped."

"Now There is a True Christian"

Donald M. Robertson

NO ATTEMPT TO ANSWER in terms of a specific definition that often asked question, "What is a Christian?" is an impossibility for many of us. Yet most everyone knows some person whom he can point with certainty and say, "Now there is a true Christian!"

For me that person happens to be a nurse who started to work in my office almost at the very beginning of my medical practice. She continued in the role of my office nurse for over twenty years until I was forced to give up my practice because of illness. In terms of my medical career I have spent more time with this person, and I do not know her better than anyone else within my profession. For years and years we have worked together, day in and day out, carrying on a general practice in a west-town. Together we have brought many new babies into this world. I have also seen others, both young and old, leave it. She has been led by me through my successes and also my failures, during robust and untiring health, and in times of serious illnesses. Likewise, I have worked with her through her life's

trials; when she lost her husband from a sudden heart attack; when she twice faced death herself from acute illnesses requiring the most drastic kind of surgery.

Now Maria is of European descent, her parents having come to the United States from "the old country." There was a large family of children of which she was one of the oldest. Through the years she has assumed many of the major responsibilities, both financially and otherwise, for the family.

The family has a Catholic background dating as far back as such families can be traced. Maria is a Catholic Christian although she never purposely makes this known, nor is it often evident to others. Her mother is of the older Catholic school, and the church has always been a vital factor in her daily living. It is of special value to her now during her old age. Yes, there is a strong and rich Catholic heritage in Maria's whole background, and she likewise has been raised in a dominant Catholic environment.

In all of our years together it hasn't seemed necessary for us to discuss religion except on a few occasions. Never once has her Cath-

olic heritage or my Protestant one led to any argument. Her religion isn't something which needs explaining or defending in order to justify it. It isn't limited by or to creeds nor is it expressible in specific beliefs. I doubt that she could tell me in so many words just what she really believes or even what her church teaches her to believe. Her religion needs little understanding and isn't limited in any way to certain repeated emotional experiences. It is just a way of living her daily life as well as she can. Her life is constantly revealing her true attitudes toward her fellowmen as influenced by her belief in God, through her patience with all persons, her tireless service for those in need of them, her natural humility and her devotion to human beings as well as to unchallengeable principles. It has never been necessary for her to tell me that she is a Christian for there are some things which need no affirmation. This is one of them.

At this moment I can only recall three occasions during our entire professional association when religion was seriously discussed. The first time occurred years ago and followed the delivery of a baby born alive, but hopelessly deformed. It obviously had no possible chance of surviving. Without saying a word to any of us, Maria baptized the dying baby there in the delivery room,

quietly and simply, just before death took it away. She had gone on living in that demanding moment of true religion in her own way.

Afterwards, when we were alone I questioned her as to whether she really believed that the baby benefitted in any way through the ritual of baptism. She answered that she personally believed that it helped in some way, but made no attempt to explain her act. She said she had done it simply because of her belief that it was the right and necessary thing to do at that time. Yet I will never forget her words which followed.

In substance she said, "Do not ever let us confuse in our thinking the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion. I realize, as she said, that all thinking Catholic Christians; there are man-given weaknesses and man-created falsenesses in my church. There are such in all churches, because they are organized and run by persons, although the church was not created by them. The church and its leaders make no claim to be perfect people, but rather to be those who have the will and the courage to grow toward God-perfection. Any such weakness cannot destroy my church for I do not worship it as an institution. My purpose is to give to me a religion by which I may live my daily life. It desires above all else that I be a Christian, and attempts to ;

ne the way to be just that. I the same God as you do through same Christ so that I may live good life, or at least live a better one than I could otherwise live."

Years later I was called to see in her home where she lay helplessly ill. I found her holding a crucifix in her hands. Without thinking I asked the spontaneous question:

"How can you find any spiritual power in that string of beads?"

I regretted my question the instant I had asked it, for I realized I had only revealed my own ignorance and prejudice. But Maria would not defend her rosary, nor did she punish me by word or attitude. She just explained, "This little string of beads is nothing which in itself has value or is worthy of anybody's respect. When it is used that way it becomes not only false, but it is dangerous. For me it is a most valuable way of praying, and that is why I use it. These beads on my string represent to me persons whom I know and respect. Each night I pray for these persons, one by one, because they are my friends or loved ones of mine, and because I desire for them that they receive help from God which I need and which I know He gives to me. Doctor, for years now you have been using these beads on my rosary, and each night I ask God to keep you strong so that you may continue

to work as a good doctor."

When I realized that I was an object of prayer as represented by a certain bead on a Catholic rosary, I began to understand a bit of the meaning which Catholic Christians find in this useful symbol. I am also certain that over the years I have been given greater strengths to become a better doctor because of such intercessory prayers in which the rosary has played such an important role.

The last time we discussed religion was not long ago. For years Maria has been giving loving care to her mother who lives in her home, and whose health is now rapidly deteriorating. The little old lady who is in her eighties senses that she faces death before long, and at this time her religion is revealing its true value to her. Through her abiding faith she has no fears; for to her, death is just the next living step in her walk through Eternity. She is ready to take that anticipated step whenever it comes. I suspect that at times she is even eager to turn in her old physical model for the new one waiting for her.

Unfortunately, a well-meaning friend, and an enthusiastic member of a Protestant church has felt impelled to personally replace the old lady's adequate Catholic religion with her own at this particular time. Such sincere efforts based on honest beliefs as well as a deep love for the

old lady are only adding confusion to a mind which is beginning to show evidences of natural aging processes.

Yet Maria wasn't vindictive or even critical toward this friend when we talked about it. Rather, she showed great love and understanding for this person. But she would; that is Maria; she is always that way.

She summed it all up rather well in these thoughts, "Doctor, a mistake of which all of us are guilty at times, and which hurts us by limiting our religion, is that common practice which we use of making *nouns* out of *adjectives*."

My puzzled smile made her continue, "We use such words as Catholic and Protestant as nouns, which they were never intended to be. We talk about them just as if they were the goals we seek, the gods to be exalted. When we worship any church whether it be yours or mine, we serve a false god. Churches were never created to be worshipped. Their purposes are to give to us God, teach us how to worship and live for Him, and provide a place for such worship. What we mean to say, or at least what we should say is that we are Catholic Christians or Protestant Christians, thus making the word Christian the *noun* and the others the descriptive *adjective adjectives*. To be a Christian is our goal; it is what we desire to be, it is that which our churches

seek to make of us. Both you and I believe in the same God, and the same Christ who reveals to us our God. I happen to be following a different road than you, yet the roads must lead us to our common goal. When we add the word Christian, then we have accepted in common the most wonderful gift ever given to human beings—Jesus Christ. We can then see ourselves through *Him* whom we mutually possess so that we may come to know *Him* whom we mutually seek. Without the noun, Christian, we are left with only our differences in the various roads which we are following. Too great importance is then given to our own road, for it is that which we possess. It is then that we often attempt to destroy another's road and make him accept ours. After all, what we are after in this life is to live better and fuller lives, and for me that means we all must be Christians first and above all else."

Yes, the more I come to know Maria the more certain I am of the correctness of my choice when I said, "Now there is a true Christian."

My prayer today is that through my Protestant Faith, the road which I have chosen as my way to God, I may grow to become in time as fine a Christian as my nurse, Maria, has become through her Catholic Faith, her chosen road to our mutual Heavenly Father.

"I wanted God to approve of me."

Breaking the Smoking Habit Through Prayer

Helen Conde

DO YOU WONDER if God answers prayer? Well, I know that he does.

Sometimes He says yes or no to my prayer. Other times He makes me wait, as in my case. I think I wanted to be sure that I was sincere.

I was never a chain smoker, but the habit had me. When I'd go out of town to visit my mother, I just couldn't adjust to the idea of women smoking. I was always taking away to smoke. Before each trip, I promised myself I would say: "Now, Mom, I smoke." But I never did. The deceit went on and on, and it was uncomfortable in my mind.

Smoking is an expensive habit, and I found out when I burned a hole in my orchid-colored top. It can also be disfiguring. When Jane's tapering fingers there were always a brownish smudge and they would be handsome if it weren't for her yellowed teeth.

But these weren't the real reasons I wanted to stop smoking. The real reason was that I wanted God to approve of me and I felt that He wouldn't as long as I couldn't break away from the smoking habit. If

I hadn't wanted to stop smoking, there would have been no evil. But I wanted to stop and didn't. Therefore, I lay the evil.

Each morning, I'd get up with the resolution that I would not smoke. By ten o'clock I felt tired, so I sat down with a cigarette. I thought I was relaxing and resting. I wasn't. I was just paving the way for, let's say, more time-wasting. By night I was very tired. Tired of what? Tired of myself and my weakness, so I smoked quite a lot in the evening. I grew restless and irritable, so I decided to talk over the problem with my three best friends. I said to Lucy,

"I wish I could stop smoking." She said, "Why stop? You look so relaxed smoking."

When I expressed my wish to Becky, she said, "Why, you don't smoke much."

And Ann said, "If I wanted to smoke, I'd smoke."

But I didn't want to smoke. And they didn't try to understand.

One morning, early in November, as my dog and I were walking over the hard, cool ground, I seemed to hear a rustle among the dry corn

stalks and a voice saying, "Why don't you take your problem to God."

The voice seemed very real and I resolved then and there to tell God about it. I didn't think that God would do it all, but I felt, after that whisper, that He was trying to tell me that He would help me; but of course I'd have to work, too.

The same good resolutions and the same breaking of them went on for three weeks more, but there was one difference. I was praying very hard that I might stop the habit. Not an "Our Father, which art in heaven" prayer, which is the prayer Jesus taught us, but a prayer

that was a sincere plea from heart.

The Monday before Thanksgiving I wakened saying, "This is the day in which I do not smoke." I knew then that the fight was over, that God had answered my prayer.

When the cigarettes are passed I say, "No thank you," and sometimes one says off-hand like, "Oh, you don't smoke any more, do you?"

You see it wasn't important to anyone but God and me. But it was very important to me, and God knew that it was.

He answered me and that answer has kept the flame of faith burning in me.

Winter Sunset

Rowena Cheney

The voice of the brook is hushed with cold,
The grass is silent beneath the snow;
The trees are bare—but see! the west
Is warm with the fires of afterglow.

The north wind stings and the air is chill
While the sun moves south to the Capricorn;
Yet buds await on the patient branch . . .
Out of each winter a spring is born.

Flowers are blooming and blue birds call
For listening ears—for eyes that see
The wondrous pattern: unchanging law,
Inviolable through eternity.

The steadfast stars in a timeless sky
Proclaim, whatever the season of year,
That out of the shadows the morning dawns,
Out of the false, the truth shines clear!

"On days when I praise the most and blame the least, life runs on smoother wheels."

One Day of Praise

Enola Chamberlin

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED it, one day, one whole full day of praise? If you have you will wonder of it and you will extend it to many days. If you have not you have a tremendous spiritual experience awaiting you. Your own introduction to this glorious adventure came about, as we do many of such things, by acci-

One day Timmy, my small son, being all boy, needed to be corrected, had had to be spoken to in an anti-praise manner more often than usual. That night, still with his complainings, scoldings, call me what you will, on his mind, he needed down to say his prayers. For the usual blessings and thanks had not been attended to, he hesitated. When he went on my throat constricted so I could scarcely swallow.

"And, God," he said, "please Mother to notice when I have done the nice things just the same as when I have done not-nice things."

I didn't sleep much that night. When I did drop off, a picture came to me which I didn't like at all. It was a life-size through my dreams. It was a good mother, I thought. I was in my child care. I gave him

love. I called his attention when he had done not-nice things so he would cease doing them for his own good as well as for the good of others. I corrected him, tried always to guide him into the right path that he might walk happily with his fellow creatures and gloriously with God. But that night I saw I had failed miserably in my trust because I had neglected to put emphasis on the positive side of living. I had failed to praise the nice things as I should have done. Before I went to sleep I decided that the next day, all day, I would utter no words to anyone that were not, when they fell in that category, words of praise.

My test started early. Timmy spilled his milk. It was downright carelessness. I bit my tongue to keep my head off the scolding words. I thought hard.

"My, my, Timmy," I said cheerily at last, "it's been a long time since you've spilled your milk. You're getting more careful every day."

If I had wanted pay I had it right then in that child's eyes. Expecting to be scolded his face was set in a rebellious, belligerent scowl. At my words the hard lines melted.

"I'm sorry, Mommy," he said, "I'll keep on being more careful

every day."

I was cheered. I had done more in making him want to be careful with praise than I had ever done before with reprimands. I kissed my cherub. This was going to be easy. How little I knew!

Having taken the morning off to drive a bunch of boys to a ski slope, my husband came home at noon. I could see by his face as he opened the door that he was all set to defend himself about something.

"Well, I took the good car," he blurted, "one of the boys tore the upholstery with a ski boot. Another one broke a window with a ski."

Now I did bite my tongue. We were always taking youngsters someplace and we had agreed that our old station wagon was just the thing to use.

I have never got over being thankful that that day I had promised myself I would say only praiseful words. Otherwise no telling what I might have said. But I had a hard time. What would I say in praise of my husband's act? To say nothing would have been worse than recriminations. They would have cleared the air of its heavy weight, at least. Finally, after not too long a time, I smiled.

"It was nice of you to want to give the boys a ride in the new car," I said. "I suppose our insurance will take care of the damage."

My husband's planned words of

rebuttal at the expected tirade from me, caught in his throat. The pained look on his face gave me to one of concern.

"Are you ill?" he managed to stammer.

Well, I laughed and he laughed and the damage to the car lost its importance in both our minds. It became only a minor annoyance, a little skippity cloud in a beautiful day.

Now I am not going to say after that one day I continued to say only praise words and refrain entirely from non-praise ones. After all I am only human and I have a habit to break. I backslid many times at first. I still do backslide. But the experience of that one day impressed me so much that it started me to giving praise and withholding blame far, far more often than I had ever done before. I have found that on the days when I praise the most and blame the least, life runs on smoother wheels. My home life with husband and children is happier, more peaceful.

Now what I have done you can do; you and you and you, even in greater measure. Give praise where praise is due. Give praise whether praise is due or not. A little by little you will see the friction give way, to be replaced by a patina of velvet over which annoyance will glide smoothly to oblivion.

"Not the cross of crucifixion but the cross of service."

The Cross of Responsibility

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

FRANK LAUBACH was quoted recently in the *Christian Science Monitor* as saying that Christianity has two sides, one particular, which is responsibility to God, and the other horizontal, responsibility to the human race. Does this not fix our responsibility in the shape of a cross—not the cross of crucifixion but the cross of service?

Life today is a challenge. It is a challenge which we as individuals and as a nation, both, can only meet successfully as Christians. Triggering situations exist all over the world. In the Far East, in the Near East, in our own Southern States are the conditions which must be met by a high-level Christian thinking and action, and action must be backed up by the prayers of great numbers of individual Christians if global conflagrations are to be avoided.

As individuals, then, how can we accept this cross of service to God and to our fellow man? How do others make their decision?

A few dedicated young men found the answer to the double challenge when they went into the Ecuadorean jungles to take the word of God to the isolated, primitive Auca Indians. Surely when they met death

there in the jungles they were shouldering crosses of responsibility to man and to God, crosses which made of their deaths a triumph, not a defeat.

The Cleveland pastor was broadening the horizon of his service when he inaugurated the "Dial a Prayer" telephone service which swamped the telephone lines in the area.

The Oregon family who adopted eight orphans from Korea was reaching out in a very personal way to serve a human need.

All across the nation, clear around the world, are men and women who in their own particular way are reaching upward and inward to God, combining spiritual responsibility with a reaching outward of helping hands, minds, and hearts to the needs of men. Some, like Frank Laubach and Albert Schweitzer, are internationally known and honored; thousands have no worldly fame, but surely they are beloved of God. And if every professing Christian would take up a Christian cross of responsibility what a tremendous impact would be made upon the life of the world today. Family life, community life, national life, and finally international affairs would be remolded into a Christian pattern.

How to go about it? First there must be a clear realization of the two-fold Christian responsibility. Prayerful soul-seraching will show each of us where we fall short and guide us to new perception. Considering responsibility to God, increased personal and family meditation and prayer should be the basis of this responsibility. Increased support of our own churches might well follow—spiritual support, prayer support, as well as financial support. And through a growing spiritual awareness which will follow our acceptance of this enlarged responsibility to God, we will find, each of us, the avenue or avenues of service through which we can

best acknowledge our responsibility to the human race. We cannot become missionaries in jungle lands nor literary teachers, nor spiritual leaders; we cannot all adopt Koror orphans; we can, every one of us, find some human need to which we can minister. And thus, accepting the Christian's cross of sacrificial service to God and to man, we can face the challenge of the complexity of life in the atom-powered age with an answer which could, God helping, chart a new and better, a God-centered, pattern of life throughout this whole world and (who knows) perhaps into the reaches of outer space itself.

The Third Dimension View

Dorothy P. Albaugh

It really isn't entirely new—

This so-called three-dimensional view.

One doesn't need special glasses, just

A vision focused by loving trust

On the soul of a man until it leaps

Out of the clay in which it sleeps.

This is the view that the Master had—

Seeing a man whom the world called bad,

Or weak and worthless, as strong and free,

Bidding him, "Rise, and follow me!"

Love was the third dimension then,

And it still makes giants out of men.

"God does really answer prayer when you let him do it his own way and keep your faith."

"God Really Does Answer Prayer"

L. M. Morton

NOW CRYSTALS FELL FAST, forming a curtain about Elena as she drew the two letters from the mail box. It was getting late. She clutched Paul's jacket closely to her throat and hurried up the evergreen-edged trail to the cabin where, she knew, Paul was watching her from his chair in the living room window.

Paul had been sitting in the same chair every day for the last two years. Muscular dystrophy had not been kind to him. When they had moved to the cabin in the wilderness it seemed the fresh air and long trips had brought an improvement, but it was not for long. Paul soon grew progressively worse and he had lost the use of his legs almost entirely and depended on Elena for even small things. He spent his days reading the books in the state library which Elena had slipped up before him on the reading tray she had made for him. He turned the pages with his chin.

Though neither Paul nor Elena had spoken about it, they both tried to make things better by being perpetually cheerful about things. Even that was growing more difficult for Elena as she saw fewer and fewer orders for the rugs she wove from

the strips people brought her, and the bills kept coming. She could not work away from home with Paul and Baby Bounce to care for. But despite the many problems it had brought, Elena was grateful because this new responsibility with all of its problems had brought her closer to God. God, who had been but a vague and idealistic concept before, had become so close that she prayed to him daily and naturally as she would speak to a friend.

Elena stopped to open the letters in the kitchen. No use worrying Paul about the bills, she thought, as she nervously tore an end from the letter from the gas company. She had been out of gas for her kitchen range for a week. Luckily she had a small heater to cook on. She read . . . "We regret that circumstances make it necessary for us to discontinue your gas service until your payments are brought up to date . . ." She felt she could not really blame them. No sound business can operate indefinitely on credit.

The other was about her request for a ton of coal from the lumber yard. "Due to our limited supply of coal and the early winter, we are not filling orders for credit at this

time." Elena thought bitterly, "Yes, they know I make my living from weaving rugs and they are afraid they won't get paid." She lifted the lid from the little heater and tossed the letters inside. The little pile of wood in the box would not last long. It had taken her all afternoon yesterday to cut down a tree and chop it into blocks with the three pound ax which was too heavy for her. Each day the past week she had cut wood, consoling herself with the thought that any day now the fuel truck would arrive with coal for her stove. And now there would be no coal. Elena stared numbly at the wood box as the voice of the radio announcer beat into her consciousness . . . "Storm warning! A blizzard is rapidly moving into this territory from Canada. Motorists are warned not to use the roads unless necessary. Temperatures of twenty-five to thirty below are expected tonight. Repeat . . . a storm . . ."

Elena gazed out the window into the thickening snowfall and breathed a prayer to the God she knew was near, "Father, bring us fuel for our stove, even as you have brought us fuel for our soul and body. Amen."

No use worrying Paul, she told herself again, as she entered the living room, where Paul was reading from a book on prayers that she had got him from the library. Sitting on the floor, Baby Bounce cooed

lovingly to her doll as she tipped it back and forth watching the cover open and shut. She is so lovely thought Elena, giving her a little hug as she said, "Mommy's going out to cut some wood for the fire. I'll be back in a little while, Bounce. You be good."

Bounce pointed her chubby finger at her doll's eyes and said, "Eyes"

Paul's eyes followed Elena's slender figure, dressed in his heavy blue jacket, with concern as he saw her going out to the shed to get the ax. That ax is too heavy for her, he thought. But what else was there to do? He turned back to the Bible on prayer before him and flipped the page with his chin. "A prayer can be answered in the thirteenth hour as well as in the twelfth" he read.

Elena reached far into the corner of the shed. The ax! Where was it? She remembered distinctly finding it there the day before. The broom had fallen down when she did it. But now the ax was gone. Could she have been mistaken? She searched the shed, but found nothing. Then she went outside to look, thinking she might have leaned against the shed . . . possibly, it was forgotten . . .

Suddenly she saw tracks in the snow . . . snow shoe tracks, leading to and away from the shed door . . . Someone had been there last night and the ax was gone.

neone has stolen my ax!" she
 imed in dismay. "Oh, no!" she
 ned helplessly. "*What shall we
 now for fuel?*" her voice rose
 earful anxiety as she recalled
 storm warning on the radio.
 tly on the wings of thought
 e from within the words of Jesus
 s disciples, "Be ye not anxious."
 she felt calm again.

it only were not so far to
 ighbor, she thought, but with
 the summer cabins along the
 empty during the winter, she
 ld have to go to the main road
 help and that would mean walk-
 eight miles because the car was
 in the garage waiting for her
 ay the bill for repairs.

he did what she could, gathering
 s from the fallen trees and
 king them against her knee, un-
 the box was full. They would
 last long, but they would help,
 thought. The wind had risen
 the blizzard was beginning to
 7 in earnest now.

he sat alone in the kitchen with
 ap of coffee. "I was so sure
 l get fuel," she said, pinching
 the tears. "I prayed for it.
 ayed for it," she repeated, her
 l bowed upon her arm, now.
 as not so much the realization
 they were out of fuel as that
 , on whom she depended for
 in these perplexing situations,
 ned to have ignored her need.
 a moment her faith dangled

on a thread. "I did what I could
 . . ." she said, thoughtfully; and then
 she swallowed the rising doubts
 within her and said firmly, "God
does answer prayers. There was the
 time Bounce had pneumonia, and
 the time I lost the oar to the boat
 when I was out alone, and . . . oh,
 yes, there have been so many times
 . . . I *know* He has heard me."

Speaking in a soft whisper as if
 to someone near, Elena breathed,
 "Dear Father in heaven, I know
 that thy will is always for our good.
 I have done what I could see to
 do. If thou hast chosen another way
 to provide the things we need, I
 know it is a better one. But if this
 is a test of my faith in thee, then
 Lord, help me to keep my eyes on
 thee, unfaltering, even though at
 the twelfth hour my prayers are yet
 unanswered. Thy ways are higher
 than our ways. Thy will be done."

Toward evening the wind whipped
 to a new frenzy, sifting snow into
 the cracks around the windows.
 Elena sat on the floor beside Paul's
 chair, with Bounce, closely snuggled
 in her favorite blanket, resting her
 head upon Elena's lap as she read
 aloud.

Her voice rose evenly above the
 sound of the storm as she read
 from the Psalm.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord:
 trust also in him; and he shall bring
 it to pass."

She helped Paul and Bounce into

sweaters that night and put coats over the beds. At three in the morning she put the last of the wood into the stove. She spread a woven woolen rug over Bounce in her crib, and then she sat quietly on the edge of the bed, beside Paul, gazing, as though she could see through the frosted window into the swirling storm beyond. She was unaware of Paul's eyes, watching her, tenderly. Her hands resting lightly in her lap, she made her thoughts into words, "The wood is gone, now Lord. The fuel company refused to send coal on credit. Someone stole the ax. What am I to do now, Father? Thy will be done."

Paul, watching her, realized, in that moment, how great a burden Elena had been bearing alone and he knew that the source of her splendid cheerfulness in the face of repeated disappointments was in her faith. Feeling that he could not let her lose her faith now, Paul, unused to prayer, prayed that night; not for himself, nor yet for fuel, but only that her faith might not be shaken.

Light sifted through the frosted window and Elena lay awake, wondering what to say to Paul, who would have to be told. Her heart ached to spare him the knowledge.

Her steps echoed in the cold house. The fire was out, and on the little table in the living room her collection of African violets

were frozen, black and limp.

A sudden stomping arose on porch. Elena threw open the door to behold, standing before her, a huge frame of her good natured brother, whom she had not seen over a year, grinning down at her as he stomped the snow from his boots.

"Andy!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "What ever brings you here in such weather?"

"The weather itself brings me here," he replied with amusement.

Elena thought, everything is amazing to Andrew.

Andrew explained, "I had to pick up a chain saw yesterday from the store at Timber Lodge. Thing was so dull, I took it to town and had it sharpened. Was so late when the storm was done, that when I heard the storm warning on the radio I decided to come out here instead of going home. Thought I could reach here before the roads were blocked, but as it happened, my old car got tired of bucking snow about a mile from the road so I spent the rest of the night in an empty cabin there. They dug her out this morning only to get stuck again in that snow that you call a driveway." He was grinning again, glad to see her.

"I'm so glad you came, Andy," said Elena, and she told him quickly of the plight in which they found themselves, adding . . . "I had tried to keep Paul from knowing

.. it would make him feel so
bless and a burden, you know."
face sought his anxiously, for
understanding.

Andrew threw back his big head
laughed aloud, startling Elena.
n he said, "Looks like I'm a
senger from the gods today!
e I come, through snow up to
fenders, bringing with me a chain
, newly sharpened and a new
too. I bought one for Gertie, be-
se mine is too heavy for her,
says. That chain saw will cut
ot of trees in a day and . . .
i have the trees haven't you?"
asked.

and now Elena was laughing
"Oh, yes, we have the trees."
said, "But that chain saw would
too heavy for me. The ax,
ugh, I *can* use. I'll give you a
for it."

Fine!" continued Andrew, ignor-
the last part. "You use the
I'll use the saw. I won't be
ing anywhere for a couple of
s, until they plow out these roads.
cut them down and saw them
blocks. You trim the branches.
s get started." Andrew was a
n of action. He hated quibbling.
They worked together, side by side,
when they were children on the
n, with a steady rhythm. By the
of the second day the wood shed
s ranked high with wood. An-
w was shoveling out the drive-
r when the snow plow came

growling past. Elena hated to see
her brother leaving. She wished she
could speak to him of the faith
in her heart but she was afraid to
lest he should laugh at her. She
could not bear to have him laugh
at her faith, so she said nothing.
He left the ax with her, saying he
would get Gertie another. She in-
sisted he take the woollen rug, de-
spite his protestations.

That evening, Elena, despite the
lameness in her arms, felt a glow
of gladness within that made her
want to celebrate. She made hot
chocolate. As she held Paul's cup
for him to drink she felt compelled
to speak. "You know, Paul, God
really does answer prayer . . . when
you let him do it his own way and
keep your faith . . ." A note of
joy ran through her speech, like a
golden thread.

Paul's eyes shone upon her and
his voice was husky with feeling as
he replied, "I know Elena. He does.
You see . . . I heard you pray last
night . . . and . . . I prayed too.
Sometimes it takes a little while for
the answer to reach us and it does
not arrive until the thirteenth hour."

"The thirteenth hour," murmured
Elena, happily. "We must remem-
ber that . . . for next time."

Thus was born a new warmth
between them and Elena knew that
she need no longer shield Paul from
trouble, for now they both shared
the shield of faith.

❧ "If your motor won't run in high gear you can always try second."

Keep Your Mental Motor Running

Verle Andres

WHEN GRANDMA WAS SEVENTY she came to live with us. Well, not exactly to live with us—she really came to die with us. I remember how awed we kids were by the clothes she kept in her bottom drawer. She was to be laid out in these.

However, long before she died at the age of eighty-six, her silk dress had rotted; the coarse white gown and underwear had turned yellow in the drawer. Day after day she sat reading her Bible, patiently waiting for the end.

Sixteen years, waiting to die! Sixteen years without a whooping anticipation or a vital new enthusiasm or a forward urge. For while Grandma's mind was unclouded, resignation had blanketed the present in a dreamlike haze.

My husband's grandmother, on the other hand, ignored death completely. At ninety-six, when she died, she was busy hooking rugs (a brand new skill) for the bungalow she planned to build the following spring. In her late eighties she had broken her hip and wrist and no one bothered to set them. Too old, the doctors said. So she promptly ignored her crippled body, too.

In a wheel chair at home, leaning on a crutch and cane when

she went out, she traveled everywhere, saw everything. I never heard her say she felt sick, or that she ached, or was even tired. She laughed a lot, was intensely curious and adored new hats. The day before she died, she sailed her old rocking chair across the room in disgust. "That dowdy old thing!" she said.

What, I wondered, makes the difference? Why do some people drop life long before life drops them? While others, oftentimes crippled or handicapped, savor life to the last breath?

I determined to find out.

To discover the secret of old people with zip and zest, I went to Nat Halpin. At seventy-nine, Nat is the youngest man I know. He works every day. He is also an ardent gardener, lecturer, baseball and football fan. He is keenly aware of the affairs of today. Besides, he is happy to be with.

Nat chuckled at my intense curiosity. "Well, now don't you be too hard on your poor grandmother. She is the only one to chuck the fight. Take John Stevens, my neighbor. I always feel like taking flowers to decorate the grave he's dug for himself."

Five years ago, at sixty-five, John retired, Nat told me. Since then

wling on his porch in summer, n read hundreds of detective ies. In winter, clad in an old ater and slippers, he stays glued his leather chair. Here he alter- es between the TV murder mys- es and the pocket editions. What s he gets comes sandwiched in ween his programs.

But to John, current news has e meaning. He no longer takes ital part in life. His health is d. But he stoops a little now, ffles when he walks.

John's time is running down," t said, "not out. And I've seen a like him sitting on benches in rida by the dozens."

Nat lighted his cigar and puffed ile in silence. "You know," he l finally, "you read a lot about ring. Growing old gracefully. is is pure bunk. You don't have grow old at all. Of course your ly wears out. But the age of your nd is the age of you, and don't e forget it. You aren't going to e a darned thing out of it in r late years that you didn't plant re yourself. If it creaks when t try to use it, don't blame old . Kick yourself. You let it rust. body kills your zest for living. a let it die like John. John hasn't ly used his mind, churned it good, in thirty years. He just ted to be sixty-five so he could re.

Nat sighed. "What he really re-

tired from was life."

"Don't most of us use our minds?" I asked.

"Not much," he said. "What most people take for learning is just an accumulation of bull-headed prej- udices. Didn't someone say: 'The trouble isn't that people are so ig- norant—it's just that they know so much that isn't so.'"

He chuckled, relishing the words. "People stop learning, studying, in- quiring, getting new ideas, perfect- ing new skills way too soon. In fact, if we really live, we *never* stop. Most people *aren't* dumb, or lacking in talents, either. But it's easier to blame poor old downtrodden Fate for your dull life than it is to keep stoking your mind with ideas."

"So many signs clutter up the highways these days," Nat went on, "someone ought to post a few like 'WARNING: Deep Rut Ahead. *Keep your mental motor running!*'"

"Well, be specefic, Nat" I said. "How do you keep out of the rut?"

"Learn something new — *really* new, every year of your life. Read at least one book a year that's way over your head, makes your mental wheels grind. Cultivate one new friend a year that's way off your usual beat, does something you don't know about. Don't waste your en- ergy on trifles, little worries, feuds, dislikes. Save all your mental strength for the big pushes. Learn about growing things. Read Thor-

eau's *Walden* 'til you know it by heart. Keeps you simple, from getting too educated for your brains. Enjoy little everyday things. They're always around to enjoy. Things like the sunset, flight of the birds, children's apple-red winter faces, the smell of clover. Appreciating, noticing, keeps your senses young, keen."

Nat stood up. "And above all, keep your curiosity whetted. Learn to wonder, to ask why. Then *you* find the answers yourself. Nothing is really yours until you dig for it. If you keep learning, make learning a habit, you'll never find a place to stop and grow old.

"Now, then," Nat concluded, "it's up to you. Not *how*, but *if* you grow old."

That talk with Nat was some years ago. Since that time, I have done some invaluable reading, found the way to adventure in living, and had fun. My new friends—a fascinating assortment—have generated ideas in me I couldn't have stirred up alone.

There's my friend Anton. Although Anton has a scientific, inquiring mind, he never had a chance at school or travel. His work is dull; his life should be narrow. But it isn't. To Anton, life is exciting.

His hobby is collecting butterflies. By now, he has thirty thousand mounted, besides the hundreds he has donated to museums and private

collections. A member of the Lepidoptera Society, he exchanges specimens and data with collections in foreign lands. He lectures to schools, groups, clubs.

"All you need to start a life of adventure," he says, "is a net, a few jars, a couple of simple books. (The U. S. Government puts out one.) Anyone who is lonely and can walk," he urges, "should come a butterfly collector."

Then there is the elderly librarian with sparkling eyes and the vocabulary of a buccaneer who initiated me into deep sea treasure hunting. After reading Reisberg's *I Dive for Treasure*, I was so enchanted that I spent a winter reading about the sunken treasures of the West Indies. This led me to Beebe's books on life beneath the sea.

And there is John, a man I call the gentle janitor. It was he who introduced me to Whitehead's *Adventure in Ideas*, DuNouy's *Human Destiny*.

Reading these, I was puzzled, knowing how little formal education John had. For while I found them wonderfully rewarding reading, I nearly cracked my brains plotting through them.

I asked John if he understood these books. He smiled: "Very little, I'm afraid. But I try. I guess I just like to know that these good men believe, as I do, in a Divine plan, in a Master Planner. They

lly smart. But humble, too.”
 Old Dad Summers is a passion-
 gardener. At seventy-five he runs
 his three acres to keep ahead
 the seasons. He whipped me in-
 shape as a gardener. No one
 me on manure any more. Be-
 s, he gave me Donald Culross
 tie’s books which are unsur-
 ed for learning clothed in beau-
 I especially love *Flowering*
old.

ight now I’m deep in cultural
 ropology (inspired by a friend
 spent a year in Africa), which
 highfallutin’ name for studying
 habits of people. I liked Hersk-
 book *Man and his Works* al-
 igh it wasn’t easy going for me.
 as a result of this reading, I
 e a feeling of spiritual brother-
 d for all peoples, everywhere.
 ry group, I know now, loves his
 ure just as we love ours. And
 problems, desires, are much the
 e. Dr. Schweitzer, the famous
 ican missionary doctor, says this,

When asked what the African
 ks about, he replied: “What *you*
 k about.”

In addition, I have learned Span-
 ish, joined a Great Books course,
 discovered that art is for everybody,
 and done considerable writing. I
 know this isn’t much, but it is a
 beginning. And I’m just a kid yet—
 only fifty. It helps me to know I
 have proved, myself, that Nat was
 right: that, if I keep plugging, there
 will always be a new door to open
 into a more fascinating life.

My notebook encourages me, too.
 As I read, I jot down passages that
 strike me, fit in with my ideas.
 This I do recommend! In time, your
 notebook will provide a peephole
 into your own character, be indicative
 of your own growth.

Then, too, it contains my prayer:

Lord, deliver me from blinking
 out my earthly days like a contented
 toad. Let me find your works for-
 ever new, wonderful, challenging.
 Let me pass on, please, while I’m
 hepped to the heels over a new
 project. While I’m here, let me
 learn to ignore my creaky body. I’ll
 be so grateful, Father, if you just
 help me to keep my mental motor
 running.

* * * * *

I have only just a minute, Only sixty seconds in it,
 Forced upon me, can’t refuse it. Didn’t see it, didn’t choose it,
 But it’s up to me to use it;
 I must suffer if I lose it, Give account if I abuse it,
 Just a tiny little minute, But eternity is in it.

Source Unknown

A QUESTION OF BELIEF: MARY

"And Mary said to the angel, 'How can this be, since I have no husband?'"—Luke 1:34

When Gabriel announced to Mary that she was to bear a son she was naturally troubled, but Mary believed the angel. By faith Mary believed the impossible because she believed God, and God revealed Himself and His plans to her because He had a channel of faith to lead through.

Later on the angel tells her that her cousin, Elizabeth, has conceived and will also bear a son, and Mary goes to her and it is here that we have her psalm of praise, "My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour, for he has regarded the low estate of his handmaiden." Mary believed in a God who was interested in little people, little people of "low estate," and a God who believed in such little people to the extent of entering their lives and their affairs.

Did you ever stop to think what might have happened if Mary had been the sophisticated intellectual who could not possibly have accepted such a preposterous plan as was outlined to her by the angel? And I wonder at times how many potential "Marys" there are in this world for whom God has tremendous plans, plans that never come to life because of unbelief on the part of these "Marys." Those who have meant most to this world are people of simple and all-encompassing faith. Many of them were men and women of great intellectual training, but their training and their intelligence were always subordinate to their ultimate faith in God and His promises. When their limited human intelligence came into conflict with their faith in God, their faith in God always won out.

The Christmas story, the real Christmas story, is a story of two parts. One part is the plan, the Divine Plan, that God has for individuals. The other part is the receptive faith of the individual and the individual's belief in a God who enters human affairs. They go together hand in hand. Each is essential. One without the other is stillborn. When they meet, God's revelations and power enter the scene of human history, and the angels again sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill."

READ: **Early Will I Seek Thee**, Eugenia Price. \$2.50

A QUESTION OF BELIEF: ZECHARIAH

"And Zechariah said to the angel, 'How shall I know this? For I am an old man, and my wife is advanced in years.'"—Luke 1:18

Zechariah and his wife had faithfully served the Lord, "walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." They undoubtedly kept a daily devotional vigil, they had without question done many good works in the name of their God, they had fulfilled their duties in the church with humbleness and effectiveness, and they had dedicated their lives to the service of mankind. Yet, something was missing, for when the greatest event in Zechariah's life happened, he was blind and wanting. He did not believe the angel.

There are many similarities between the angel's visit to Zechariah and the visit to Mary. The difference comes after each questions the angel. After Zechariah's question, Gabriel goes no further than to tell him that he has brought him good news and that he shall be born because of his disbelief; after Mary's question the angel goes on to explain how it will happen. Zechariah's reaction had been, "Impossible! My wife and I are too old." Mary's reaction had been, "I don't see how it can be but I believe you. How is it going to happen?" One believed; the other did not.

We can see a lot of Zechariah in all of us. Perhaps we started off the Christian life with enthusiasm and belief in prayer, only to find time went by and results were not as we had hoped that we retreated to the ritual of church attendance, circle meetings, service projects, and daily devotional readings. All these could be done without expecting too much. We were doing what everyone else was doing, and spiritual culture was divided among so many that the personal sting was taken away from it. But personal belief and faith is an arena of aloneness where we recognize that, as the promises of God are true, failure must be on our part and not on His. Let us not shrink from this aloneness. Rather, enter it daily with wonder and expectancy that when the message of the Lord comes to us we shall believe!

AD: A Reporter Finds God Through Spiritual Healing, Emily
cal. \$3.50

UNDER ORDERS

"So you also, when you have done all that is commanded you, say 'We are unworthy servants; we have only done what was our duty.'"

—Luke 17:10

I heard someone tell a little group how she had steadfastly held to Christian principles and action and feelings in the midst of temptation to become angry, spiteful, and hateful. As the group listened with attention I heard little murmurs like, "I think that is wonderful . . . I don't see how you did it . . . That's more than I would have done . . . etc. And yet I wonder. I wonder if there is anything to be proud about in such "triumphs." I wonder if the person speaking had received her reward in the adulation of the group of listeners. And I wonder about the perspective from which such Christian actions are "wonderful." According to Jesus, she merely did her duty. "When you have done all that is commanded you, say ' . . . we have only done what was our duty.'"

What did Jesus command us to do? A new commandment I gave unto you that you love one another as I have loved you . . . Love your enemies . . . Bless them that curse you . . . Pray for them that persecute you . . . Forgive everyone, no matter how often they give occasion to you . . . Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

To the man of this world, these commands are foolish, unattainable, and unthinkable. But they are this only when viewed from the perspective of this world. "You must be born again," said the man, and in this new, born-again state the injunctions to love, bless, pray, give, and serve are the natural and normal standards of conduct. If I think these attitudes are extraordinary, it is the "old man" in us reacting from his savage head. Begone with such reactions. Make the standards of the Kingdom normal conduct. We are under orders, the orders of Jesus Christ.

READ: **The Living of These Days**, Harry Emerson Fosdick. \$4.00

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

REPORTER FINDS GOD
OUGH SPIRITUAL HEALING,
Gardiner Neal. Morehouse-Gor-
\$3.50. 192 pages. It's been a long
since I have come across as faith-
a book as this one. The author
reporter who is introduced to the
subject of spiritual healing by
a neighbor to a healing service,
in the back of the church and
a lump on someone's neck disap-
She sees it and yet does not believe
that begins a long investigation of
al healing that ends with her
sion. It would be difficult to find
ore skeptical in the beginning and
f more faith in the closeness and
bility of God in the end. Here is
ne with a keen, inquisitive, and
al mind who is finally won by
ce. It is interesting and helpful
e also that her experience comes
within the orthodox church. She
a wonderful differentiation be-
"faith healing" and "spiritual heal-
showing that the two are not the
One depends on oneself; the other
d. I wish every minister and every-
ho sits in a pew on Sunday would
copy of this book and read it. It
be disturbing to many, but it will
Christian, healthy disturbance that
ded with an open mind and re-
e spirit will open new horizons of
al adventure.

OVES, GLORY AND GOD, Henry
rong. Revell, \$2.95. 256 pages.
nyone interested in the world of
the name of Henry Armstrong is
nown. Just a few years ago, box-
ons followed his exploits with avid
t, for Henry is the only man to
three world championships —
rweight, lightweight and welter-
c. This is the story of his poverty-
n beginning, his rise in the brutal
of fights, the glorious days when
med invincible, the slide downhill,
sery and degradation of a drunken

and forgotten bum, his conversion and
later ordination to the ministry. It's a
man's story and it's a young man's story.
It's a story of a mother and sister who
believed in him when no one else did.
It's also the story of answered prayers;
and it's the story of the insistent voice
of God finally claiming victory when no
one else can see anything that remotely
resembled victory. I'd recommend it for
men, young and old, and sports' fans. It's
a witness to the power of the gospel in
a way that will be compelling to many.
I liked it.

THE LIVING OF THESE DAYS,
Harry Emerson Fosdick. Harper, \$4.00.
324 pages. This is the famous minister's
autobiography. I must say that it is
delightfully stimulating, self-effacingly
honest, humble spirited, maturely toler-
ant, soul challenging, and humanly
warm. That is saying a lot. In fact, there
is not much more one could say about
a really good book. All told, I found the
story of Fosdick's life one of the most
soul-satisfying books I have ever read.
That takes in a lot of time and many
many books, but this one deserves it. It's
the sort of a book you will want to
keep and dip into once in awhile.

I would say, more than anything
else, that this is the story of the growth
of a soul, and that soul is still growing.
He frankly says that some of his earlier
ideas have changed, as they should have,
but he also gives the cultural context
that made those earlier ideas plausible
and necessary. Dr. Fosdick is a liberal,
but he is not a radical. In fact, one is
constantly thrilled at his mature liberalism
that refuses to be dogmatic about even
"liberalism." In the middle 1920's he
was hailed as a champion by the liberals,
damned as a heretic by fundamentalists
and scorned by radicals. One wonders
today what all the shouting was about,
for the ideas he voiced then are now
rather commonly accepted, at least by a
large segment. But regardless, what

stands out in this life, is a deeply sensitive, Christian soul, and a courageously honest, inquiring intellect. And in his lifetime here was a man for whom religion and religious beliefs had to be translated into social and economic action.

There are enough paragraphs and sentences in this book to keep one thinking creatively for a long time. One does not always have to agree with his ideas, but whether agreeing or disagreeing with them, one will be forced to come to some conclusions of his own. I like the man in this book. I like the way he faced up to the distressing experiences of life, experiences that might have been tragic; and I like the way he faced up to the intoxicating experiences that might have turned his head, but did not. And, I like his outlook for the future which is

summarized in the last paragraph of the book:

"Nevertheless, at threescore-years-eighteen I find this generation the stimulating, exciting, provocative — promising — era I have ever seen read about. I am not yet ready to see what is going to happen next. Like the French editor, carried to the guillotine, I would say: 'It is too late to cut off my head; I want to see all this is coming out.' Prophetic, imaginative ideas are here; there are doors of possibility for good as well as evil, which did not exist when I was born; and though I am an old man I share at least a little the hopefulness of the young, facing life, as Lowell said with 'the rays of morning on their Shields of Expectation!'"



Thank God I'm a redcap."

The Prayer Group Meets on Track 13

Ralston Young

is account of the group at New York's Grand Central Station—Track 13—was taken from a talk given by Ralston Young at Wainwright House in October, 1955. He and nearly 30 other men came together from as far away as Atlanta, Toronto, Cleveland and Youngstown to share their experience in groups, and to study the formation of the group.

I WAS BORN into the church as a youngster, but I strayed away from it. I was out of the church for eighteen years—a very unhappy person. In the old days I used to be happy. I wanted to play. I wanted to have fun and enjoy myself.

I thought that the things that would give me this happiness and contentment would be material things; know-how, influential people. And I was going to boll over Tom, Dick, and Harry to get these material things. I never could get them.

As a redcap I was in a turmoil, ashamed of the job I got—that I had today—for I thought it was too menial a job. It was a mule's job, carrying bags. I didn't count in the industry.

I was through a lay person that

I found the church again after eighteen years; a very simple lay person. That life that I saw in that elderly woman just struck me between the eyes. And I really can say that I found Christ eighteen years ago. It's an electrifying experience. I think unless we have had this personal experience we ought to seek it.

It was a very painful experience. Conversion is something that hits your heart and turns you over and can be very, very painful. But it's also rewarding. That Sunday brought tears to my eyes and I went home and got down on my knees and said, "God, do come in, and take over." You see I had a vastness in my heart that I knew had to be filled. A vacuum. I think each and every one of us has that vacuum. Unless it is filled we are restless, we're dissatisfied people.

There's such a deep gap from Sunday to Sunday. I found myself getting into a lot of mischief from Monday to Saturday. That's where I need my Christianity, on the job. And so I wanted fellowship on the job. I knew that the only thing I could do was to pray about this thing. I prayed for about six months

continuously. I thought that God had sent me to be a redcap. I got hold of this redcap and we had fellowship, but then it went down the drainpipe because Ralston was so much involved in craving this group. I didn't give God a chance to really send someone to me.

Well, He did send me to a fellow who operates an elevator in the Graybar Building. I confronted this man and told him what I wanted. He said, "Okay, let's start." So ten years ago we started the group in Grand Central. First we started on the west side of the waiting room on Wednesdays at twelve o'clock.

Some people think that to create a group you've got to have a whole lot of people. No, you haven't got to have a lot of people. If you can find one man with yourself with Christ in the center of your life, then you've got a crowd.

We went along on Wednesdays, just this man and myself, sitting on the west side of the waiting room of Grand Central. I discovered a love for people. In the old days, love extended to the immediate family, to my brothers, sisters and mother. That was as far as your love could extend. But I saw that this love was far reaching, so much so to a man of other than my own race, that I really loved him.

As we continued in this fellowship, people in the Graybar Building, the Lincoln Building, the Chan-

nel Building would come in during lunch time and join us; different characters, different backgrounds, different denominations, different races. It's wonderful how God really fill a group with peoples with spirituality.

And so we created a scene in the waiting room. People would look at us. I remember once a fellow passed by and said, "I wonder what those crazy guys are doing there sitting down with their heads bowed." We were conscious of that and after about a year a fellow said, "Let's find a more exclusive place."

I thought about Track 13 at Grand Central which is a street track. There isn't any activity on that track from eight-thirty in the morning till about four-thirty in the afternoon.

We've been on Track 13 for nine years in the dark railroad coach, not only Wednesdays, but five times a week, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, at 12 o'clock. You'll find me in my uniform outside the coach where we assemble and go to this dark railroad coach. The purpose of Track 13 is to let every person know that Christianity can be applied in their everyday life very, very successfully. For those not connected with the church we give them a preview of what the church is really like.

There are two men and many

you might call the core of Track 13 is very close to our hearts and we are very sensitive to the people who come in. We listen to their expressions to find out what's really bothering them, what's really gnawing at their insides. We have had wonderful conversions on Track 13. We have had a young businessman go into the ministry and is now leading a church in Miami, Florida. We have had people who were not connected with the church and now have church life whatever who are now active in the church. I believe we have left this kind of work open and too much to the ministry. I think the time has come when our Christianity will not mean anything to us unless we are really living this new experience, that we have found with Christ. If we keep going on this way, we will certainly die in us. We've got to share it.

It's not just a matter of man coming in to have fellowship with us. It's fine and wonderful, but it goes beyond that. It's really loving people. It's really taking an interest in him in every phase of his life. He is willing to expose to you. We've had a man by the name of Mr. Spaulding. He's 87 years old. He lives in Yonkers. For about five years, Mr. Spaulding would come to Track 13 three times a week for one purpose, and that was to meet Track 13. Now he is physically unable to do so, yet, still, we

keep in touch with him by telephone, cards. Sometimes we get a group of men and we go to his home and we have fellowship with him.

We have another fellow who came in from Long Island yesterday whom we hadn't seen in about six months. When I spoke to Mr. Spaulding he said, "Tell Jack I want to see him." Well, Jack was to Track 13 yesterday, and I could give Jack the message.

You see it's keeping in fellowship regardless of whether a man comes or not. Call him up on the telephone. Drop him a card. Find out what's the matter with him. On Track 13, we are closely in contact with each other. These two men and myself can actually put our fingers on each other today, right through the days, right through the weeks. They know where I am, I know where they are. I can get them by telephone, I can by word of mouth, and I think that is the core of Track 13.

Now Track 13 hasn't been a bed of roses, not by any means. A lot of laughter, a lot of gaiety, a lot of sadness, a lot of tears.

There's one man that's been coming down to Track 13 about five years; a businessman. Within the last two years or so a lot of things have happened to that man's life. His wife took sick. She died from cancer. His two children were graduated from Princeton. These three

men, two men and myself, went to his son's dedication into the ministry. We went to this boy's wedding, his wife's funeral; right through his life. We prayed for him. We stuck with him.

I believe that we have got friends that we couldn't get into church with a team of horses. They'd shy away from it. But can't we get them into the living room? We certainly can. We can get them into our offices. We work with them. We find them on the street cars, on the busses, on the subway. Let's make our work place our workshop, something of a dedicated place, our desk a place where people would come in and begin to really share this new quality of life. I mean that Christianity isn't going to mean much to us unless we are really bringing others to Christ.

With so many of us Christianity and the church is like being on a railroad train. All we are going for is the ride. We are not willing to be a member of the crew. Now to be a member of the crew means that you have to get out of your seat, gotta stop being a pew warmer sitting in the pew just enjoying the sermon, hymn singing and what not, then going home and it is all over with.

Sometimes it can be very painful. Sometimes men go off on different tangents and you won't see them again, but God will send new peo-

ple. We have a new man now for The Laymen's Movement who is a wonderful converted person. He's marvelous, why he's really spreading Track 13 now. All we have to do is sit down and listen to him. He's like a ball of fire.

It's not only going for the ride but being a member of the crew. I think that what helps me to be a member of the crew: 1) I've decided to be a part of the church, go to church every Sunday, regardless of how I feel. Even sometimes when I do not feel able to go every day. 2) To have fellowship in my home with my wife. There is more time when I feel much closer to my wife, than when we are really not having fellowship. It's a rich rewarding experience when we sit together day by day with some book of devotion; the Bible, and we come to God with God together. 3) Reading the Bible every day. I've found that the Bible has a message for me practically every time I read the Bible.

It's a wonderful thing how Track 13 helps me in my job. You know it's not everyone who is traveling through Grand Central that is going to Niagara Falls on a honeymoon not by a long shot. The people who are traveling through a death or sick calls.

I'm a very important person on the New York Central System. I'm a redcap. You see, I can make my trip just miserable for you if I

case. There are plenty of them, too. Your sorrows, your griefs, your disappointments, your bereavement, your anxiety. You know. Traveling is a very excitable thing. The redcap is the first one to greet you when you come in your taxicab or your private car and he is the last one to bid you goodbye.

I can send you away with a case in your heart. I can make it miserable for you that you will want to ride the New York Central Railroad anymore. After all, Chairman of the Board, Robert G. doesn't come into contact with the traveling public. But I sent the railroad. When I get your bag it's in the hands of the New York Central Railroad, not on the redcap. And the thing for me is to carry your bag and to go beyond, to track down the things you cannot get into that suit-

case. There are plenty of them, too. Your sorrows, your griefs, your disappointments, your bereavement, your anxiety. You know. Traveling is a very excitable thing. The redcap is the first one to greet you when you come in your taxicab or your private car and he is the last one to bid you goodbye.

Thank God, I'm a redcap, and I can be of assistance to people. You see it's not a menial job anymore, it's not the degrading job anymore. It's an uplifting job as a servant of the people.



His Infinite Riches

Annie Johnson Flint

He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater,
 He sendeth more strength when the labors increase.
 To added affliction He addeth His mercy,
 To multiplied trials His multiplied Peace.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,
 When our strength has failed ere the day is half done,
 When we reach the end of our hoarded resources,
 Our Father's full giving has only begun.

His love has no limit, His grace has no measure,
 His power no boundary known unto men.
 For out of His infinite riches in spirit
 He giveth and giveth and giveth again.

Making Possibilities out of Impossibilities

Aylea Forsee

AN ADMIRAL in the British Navy once complained to Prime Minister William Pitt that he had been given an impossible assignment. Picking up the crutches on which he had to walk, Pitt shook them at the admiral and shouted, "You talk about impossibilities. Sir, I walk on impossibilities."

Gray days of the spirit come to all of us when we are confronted by what seem to be impossible assignments—illness, financial disaster, loss of a loved one. At such times our hearts lose courage. It is as if something at the very center of our being had failed us.

When depression strikes we need to realize that discouragement is only an attitude of mind. The important thing is not what happens, but how we respond. It isn't really the doctor's verdict or a thoughtless act on the part of someone dear to us that makes us miserable, it's our own reaction. The poet John Ruskin said, "There is no bad weather, only different kinds of good weather." No weather either material or mental is bad, unless we take it badly.

We have to learn to adjust. All

of us know individuals who in the face of one reverse after another have picked themselves up and gone on with an undaunted spirit. Hungarian Joseph Pulitzer came to this country as a penniless immigrant. During the Civil War he served as a cavalryman. After his discharge he worked as a stoker on a freight boat, later he stevedored on the Mississippi River. One day he got the job as a cub reporter on a St. Louis newspaper. Handicapped by a broken English and educational disadvantages, Joseph studied and worked relentlessly. He not only became a well-known journalist and editor, but also was elected to Congress. At the height of his career he suddenly went blind. But this limitation did not stop Joseph Pulitzer. He went on setting new standards of excellence in the newspaper business. By establishing prizes in journalism which have been continued to this day, after his death, he encouraged other people to higher achievements.

Even if physical disabilities confine us or bedridden we can still live and learn. If our bodies won't run in high gear, we can always try second. An elderly, arthritic widow chose this course:

sacrifice her independence and
 e a burden to her children.
 g her large home she moved
 tiny but comfortable two-room

Here by ingenious gadgets
 devices like kitchen chairs
 ed on rollers she cares for
 and manages most of her
 old duties. Although her
 are somewhat crippled she
 a livelihood knitting and cro-
 g baby clothes and other
 Her television set is used
 infrequently. "I'm just too
 to do much watching," she
 as. For fourteen years this
 a instead of giving in to pain
 loneliness has found a way to
 apply and usefully.

we would only take time to
 our blessings our misfortunes
 n't loom nearly so large. But
 life gets rough we are likely
 only the boulders in the path
 a group of farmers in an
 ard hit by drouth. Standing
 comparing their plight they
 ined bitterly about the lack
 and the hardships that would
 upon them if the crops failed.
 one of them said quietly,
 he Lord has been good to us
 er times. And even now we
 lot to be thankful for—our
 freedom, friends."

a when things seem the worst
 ve cause for gratitude. But
 of exercising it we often be-
 like trees weighted down in

a sleet storm. After the darkness
 of a storm the sun always melts
 the sleet and the trees stand erect
 again. There is no more permanency
 to our troubles than there is to
 sleet. In the midst of a storm that
 batters us we can always know that
 this too will pass away. Ultimately
 the warmth of God's love will melt
 the sleet away.

There are things we can do to
 help us emerge from the devastat-
 ing effects of emotional storms. Mu-
 sic, especially singing, can be a great
 spirit lifter. Turning to some of
 the old hymns can often give us an
 outlet even if we feel that any de-
 sire to sing has died within us. In
 the sixteenth chapter of the Acts of
 the Apostles we read about Paul and
 Silas who had been thrown into
 prison because they healed a slave
 girl. For them it was midnight both
 figuratively and literally. But just
 when the night must have seemed
 the blackest, Paul and Silas prayed
 and sang. Midnight did not master
 them, they mastered the midnight.
 By singing through our midnights
 we too can get release from appal-
 ling blackness and find new hope.
 Furthermore through so doing
 we may infuse courage in others.

There are many ways of helping
 others aside from our songs and as
 we seek to lighten the burdens of
 those around us we forget our own.
 One disheartened shut-in had a tel-
 ephone installed at his bedside. The

messages of cheer that came to him would help him pass the time, he thought. Then he got the idea of calling hospital patients and other shut-ins. Almost invariably he discovered they were even more handicapped or dispirited than he was. He became so interested in trying to pass along words of encouragement that his own difficulties were almost forgotten and a joyous faith replaced his despondent self-pity.

Another spirit lifter is reading inspirational literature or biographies. Beethoven, for example, was totally deaf when he wrote some of his greatest symphonies. Although he could not hear music with his physical ears he let it echo in his heart. Keeping a scrapbook of prayers, poems, clippings can be helpful in hours of darkness. Newspapers and magazines often give items about people who have overcome obstacles and are worthy of inclusion in such a scrapbook. Take the case of Bonnie Beuhler, the former airline stewardess who lost an arm and a leg in a motor launch mishap on Lake Arrowhead. Some rebellion and bitterness on Bonnie's part would have been understandable. But even during the days of her convalescence Bonnie was cheerful and forward looking, maintaining as nearly normal contact with her friends as possible. "I just made up my mind to bring something constructive out of this," she told reporters.

Of all inspirational literature the Bible is our biggest help in making midnights. In it is comfort for every disappointment, help for every need. We may not at first find a passage that does anything for us, but if we read prayerfully we will be directed to some words that speak to the heart. There are challenges in the writings of men like Paul who had been troubled on every side yet not distressed . . . perplexed, but not in despair . . . down, but not destroyed.

The most important step in making midnights is turning to God in prayer. The trouble is that if we allow ourselves an hour of despair then we get to feeling separated from God. We need to realize that there is never a time so late, never a shadow so dark as to take us off from God. Over and over the Bible repeats that God is for us and for us, that He is our strength.

The despondent, the discouraged, the tired of life are safe in His care. Any bit of faith that keeps out fear, any renewal of strength or joy is proof of God's care. When we turn to Him for guidance our troubles dissolve like mists before the morning sun. Awakened to new faith, new understanding, we rise out of seemingly impossible situations. God is our strength through Him the impossibilities become possibilities.

Strong in the joy of high plans we shall renew our strength."

Learn to Fly Above the Storm

Flora Jones Seaman

THE POET HAS SAID: "Into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary." It might also be said, "In each life some storms must come, weather not of our choosing."

Every Christian pilgrim has known a stormy weather, sometime, somewhere, as he has marched his weary way to the City of God.

Each one of us has known the loneliness of watching a gathering storm. We have seen the ominous massing of the approaching clouds, the billowing of the oncoming storm; we have seen the lightning's flash and the rolling thunders that precede the unleashing of the wind. We have felt the heavy raindrops fall in all its fury. Sometimes we have felt the heavy raindrops fall against our face, signalling the downpour of the garnered waters.

But what a great relief when the storm has passed, peaceful and quiet, with a cloudless sky. Then we knew we were safe from all the menacing harm of the previous day. Truly there are storms of the soul on life's journey, just as surely as there are storms in nature; but we can be prepared to meet them before they come. We can be sure that we can weather the darkest storm and

find quiet and peace despite the storm and in time of storm.

St. Paul assures us that God will not permit any testing beyond what we are able to bear. He allows storms in our lives according to our strength and according to our power to stand the test.

We might indeed read the apostle's words, "There shall no storms enter thy life that thou shall not be able to bear."

But how may we be sure that we are able to endure every storm? How shall we prepare for them? For we can be sure, we *can* find strength; we *can* be prepared; and we can prove equal to "every stormy wind that blows, and every swelling tide of woes."

We can be like the Bald Eagle, which, unlike the common eagle, has learned to wing its way on strong pinions above the storm, and to sail in safety in the serene atmosphere of the upper ethers.

We, too, can rise above the storm; we, too, can develop Eagle's Wings of spiritual strength and power.

How do we develop Eagle's Wings? How do we develop strength for that high ascent in time of stress and dread? A well-loved song suggests the answer.

"There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat. . . There, there, on Eagle's Wings we soar, and Time and Sense molest no more.' "

This is the Christian's Secret, the Secret of exercising wings of prayer. If we are accustomed to retreat to the Mercy Seat, we are learning to soar on Eagle's Wings. There calmness and strength enter into our souls. In daily testings and lesser trials of life, we learn to rise to the Place of Peace until it is our practiced habit to make the ascent of our soul to realms where God's quiet calm is part of our experiences and where our strength is renewed and our life lifted to the Eternal Peace that unfailingly dwells with God.

Day by day we grow more hardy and the ascent is easier as we learn to rise above the lesser calamities and trying events that day by day beset us, taking our lesson from the eagle that flies *above* instead of

through the storm, rising far above the hurtful elements.

This strength, this winged of life, is not attained by sudden flight, in an emergency; learned by no occasional retreat to the Mercy Seat; it is a day-by-day habit of the Soul. This place of prayer is a habitual retreat where we find strength and refreshment, we drink of the healing Stream that forever flows from the Rock of Life.

There in the Hour of Prayer we feed on God's word. The Scriptures become, indeed, the very Bread of Life; they are the spiritual refreshment that renews our strength; the Daily Bread that forms the feathers of our spiritual wings.

Strong in the joy of high prayer and the sustaining strength of God's own grace, we shall know for ourselves the fulfillment of the Lord's words: "Ye shall mount up with Wings, as Eagles."

Yes, there may be times of storm, but the practiced Christian rises above his way above the storm to his Eternal dwelling place of God.

My Christmas Prayer

Harold A. Schulz

Bless the star, its guiding light,
Bless the Child, our heart's acclaim,
Bless the Christ of Christmas night,
Bless the Lord, His holy Name.

a real plan to create better attendance at your church."

The Church's Publicity Campaign

Fred Stripp

THE PASTOR OF OLD FIRST had a dream the other night. He dropped off after reading an ad in the denominational magazine. He was depressed when he picked up the magazine. He felt he wasn't getting anywhere in Old First. He had entertained such high hopes when he accepted the call. As he settled back on his pillow the next night his eye, A TIMELY PLAN TO CREATE BETTER ATTENDANCE IN YOUR CHURCH . . . field stickers, display cards, hand posters, tracts, pledge cards, window cuts, complete promotional material. He thought of Bill Brown's top publicity job for Unitarianism. Ed Brown had elected mayor with promotional showmanship, turning an unknown into a household word overnight. He would talk to Ed and Bill, have them prepare for one of Mary's fried chicken dinners. Ed and Bill would see this ad, they would wonder why they hadn't thought of it. He could see the name now and the name of the church. First on billboards, posters, hand stickers, bumper strips. He would work up a series of sermons that would "ring the bell," so the expense would be justified. "Yes," he thought. A TIMELY PLAN TO CREATE BETTER ATTENDANCE IN

YOUR CHURCH,' that was it!" He slipped into slumber with a smile on his face as he thought of the ushers bringing in extra chairs for an overflow crowd.

It was a vivid dream. He was in his study, busily directing the campaign. Ed and Bill had raved about Mary's fried chicken. And they had taken to this promotional plan like hucksters to a new campaign for cigarettes or beer. "Terrific," was Ed's word. "An absolute sensation," Bill's phrase. And how right they had been. All over town people were talking about it. He could hardly wait for Sunday and the first big crowd. Quite a thing having your name plastered around, like running for office. He was hanging up the phone when a young man obeyed the sign on his study door and entered without knocking. He was about six feet tall, strong in the shoulders, straight as an arrow, the most sensitive face the pastor had ever seen, eyes that looked clear into your heart and won you right off.

He didn't fit any of the types that usually appeared in the study. There were the clean-cut, smiling, and friendly salesmen who called frequently. This young man was clean-cut, smiling and friendly, yet

somehow didn't look the part. There were the people who came with problems, but this man looked so assured, so happy.

These thoughts raced through his mind in less time than it takes to tell, but there had been a pause, noticeable now, and the pastor got to his feet and broke the silence with a word of welcome and a hearty handshake. He was glad this young man had come in, whatever his business might be. And this thought led him to ask what his business might be.

"I've come about your campaign," he said. His voice lived up to the rest of him . . . deep rich tones that made you want him to go right on speaking. When the Pastor paused, he did go on.

"Have you thought what you will do if your promotional campaign succeeds? All the people you expect, when you get them, can you hold them? And while they are with you, what will you give them? Is attendance so important in itself? Is it the goal of your Church? Or do you have some other goal? And if you have, what is it?"

He was trying to resent this young upstart, but it wasn't easy. He was so straightforward, so natural, so friendly. He didn't ask questions like a fault-finder. He was like a patient, confident physician gently probing for symptoms that will help him cure you of an illness.

He couldn't find his ton though ordinarily fluent to the of glibness. Finally he indicated chair as an invitation to be s and sank into his own with a mentary sense of relief.

The young fellow thanked "You see," he went on, "I terested in your campaign. R sort of campaign once myself was a long time ago." ("It co have been very long," the thought. "He isn't a day over ty.")

"Yes, a long time ago," he peated as though the Pastor thought out loud. "There were a few of us in on it. Cost of our lives." ("He's crazy," the the Pastor, "he's just as alive am.")

"No, I'm not crazy," he ued, as though again the P thoughts were audible. "It a great campaign while it L Looked for awhile as though whole world might be won. But it wasn't. No, people like stopped us, turned our simple of life into a massive organiz killed the movement. I've pray its resurrection ever since."

At last the Pastor found his "People like me?" he spu "What do you mean, people me? What movement did I kill? Young man, what you is a good psychiatrist!"

The visitor did not retur

of his host. He was the soul
ence.

I sure you didn't mean to do
no idea you were doing it.
ted only to tell you about
plan to create better attend-
your church. Why, changed
ure better publicity than all
lboards, posters, stickers, and
r strips in town. You can't
with a changed life. It's just

A man was a drunkard;
e's a decent citizen, husband,

A man used to lie and cheat
eal; now he's the most de-
le man in the community. A
a brought her family to the
of breakup with her selfish-
now she's the center of its
, and happiness. If people
anged lives in your church,
be attracted to it as thirsty
rs to a cool, deep well."

a well?" thought the Pas-
'That's an odd illusion. I
spoken about a well since
mon on . . . say, this young
ouldn't be . . . no, of course
hat's impossible!"

. it isn't impossible at all.
actly as you think. I am
of Nazareth. The campaign
tioned was made possible by
nest friends any man ever
thank God the record is still
clear, bright, unmistakable for
read. It is the only hope of
entieth century, as it was of
st, and will be of the twenty-

first. I hope with my whole soul,"
and he rose to his feet and looked
at the Pastor as though destiny rode
on one personal decision, "I hope
with my whole soul that you will
go into your pulpit Sunday and start
a different kind of campaign, a cam-
paign to change lives. But before
you do, you'll have to begin with
the Pastor of Old First, perhaps
right here in this study, now. You
could be just as dear a friend of
mine as any of my disciples ever
were."

He turned and walked quietly
from the room. The Pastor seemed
transfixed. Then suddenly he
jumped up and started after him.
"Don't leave me! Don't leave me!
I need you!"

His desperate cries awakened
Mary. She roused him from his
sleep. "Jim, dearest, wake up!
You've been having a bad dream."

He let his body relax. He let
his mind come back into the bed-
room. It was an effort to return
from his study to present reality.
Finally he spoke, very quietly, as
though his voice might break the
spell. "Not a bad dream, Mary, not
a bad dream; the most beautiful
dream I ever had. It's hard to realize
that it was a dream."

He told her the story slowly and
relived each detail. Then he dressed
and left for his study in the Church.
He spent the rest of the night in
prayer, asking with humility and

with a sense of high exaltation to follow in the footsteps of his recent visitor.

Sunday's congregation listened to a different man. Oh, the body, the face, the clothes, the robe all were the same, but the man in the pulpit was different. No one in the congregation had been so moved as by that simple witness, the honestly shared sense of failure, the reading of the ad, the dream, the night spent in prayer, the thrilling experience of conversion.

Old First was revitalized. Small

groups began meeting in homes. The Pastor thought of the disciples doing the same thing in the Acts. How had the young man described them? ". . . the friends any man ever had." He seemed to see the young man's face again, hear his voice again, could be just as dear a friend to mine as any of my disciples were."

He smiled. He would spend the rest of his life trying to be a friend.

Christmas Reverie

Berniece Ayers Hall

I think that Jesus loves to see
The whole wide world aflame
With colored lights at Christmas time
To witness and proclaim
That hearts can turn from wars and bombs
And note again His birth.
I'm sure He longs for myriad lights
Encircling the earth
To manifest to all mankind
From that rude manger bed
How far across all lands and climes
God's word of love has spread.
I'm sure Christ treasures every tree
With small bulbs burning dim,
That in a world of strife and "things"
Is lighted unto Him!

trusting and believing is an important part of Christian faith."

Complete Faith

Evelyn Witter

BECAUSE Aunt Martha is wise and kind and understanding I always seek her above all people. Especially when I have joy or sorrow or problem. As "been in on" all the important phases of my life.

so it was a few weeks ago I called on Aunt Martha. I had a dilemma problem. No one she could help me off my fence.

I dropped into her comfortable rocker and wondered how to begin to tell her what I had to confide. But she anticipated (as usual) and made it easy for me to tell her what was on my

mind. "That's on your mind that's disturbing you so, dear?" she asked in a gentle voice of hers.

"Yes," I told her simply.

"What about faith?"

"I don't think mine is very reliable anymore and it worries me," I said.

"I'm sure you are wrong," she said immediately. "I'm sure your faith is strong and good. But don't worry about it anyway." She drew her chair, and sat near me, her hands busy as always.

Aunt Martha began peeling apples as I began: "When I was very

young I had a strong faith. It was the hip-hip-hooray kind I guess. I mean . . . I mean I needed the tones of the organ swelling to voluminous heights, the full choir singing stirring hymns, the bright sunlight streaming through the awesome stained-glass windows. These material expressions of religion inspired my faith to emotional heights. I didn't *think* faith in those days I *felt* it. I felt it as if it were a hot flame burning within me. I wanted to shout about it with all my might."

"But that is not wrong," Aunt Martha said softly. "Religion is felt . . . touches the emotions. Love for example is an emotion. God is love."

"That's true," I agreed, and then went on: "But then after we were married my faith changed."

"Changed?"

"I think so. At least the emotional part seemed to lose its force and in its place there was an inward calm. As you know so well, there began to be serious problems in my life. Financial difficulties, the sobering task of rearing children, sickness. In those days I turned to God and shared all my problems with Him. I was always trustful and believing. It didn't matter how dis-

mal a turn life took, I maintained an undaunted, hopeful faith. I felt that God knew and cared and that therefore somehow everything would be for the good."

"Trusting and believing is an important part of Christian faith," Aunt Martha said. "It means you can see the hand of God in all of life. Knowing it is there helps you to be steadfast."

"That's true," I agreed, and went on: "But now I keep asking the why of everything. There are so many contradictory things that happen. Terrible accidents and incurable diseases; suffering and all manner of human miseries. It is hard to keep a steadfast faith in the face of all the ills of the world."

"And you have to study your Bible and dig out the answers?" Aunt Martha paused and looked up at me. "The answers are all there and I know your inquisitive mind will find them."

"Perhaps," I agreed, and went

on: "But in the meantime what is happening to my faith?"

"It is being completed," Martha told me.

"What do you mean, Aunt Martha?"

"Well, the way I see it, you have the emotional, enthusiastic faith that we think of in connection with impetuous Peter. You also have the trusting, believing faith of the quiet John. You have the continuous, feeling-of-assurance - not the type of faith that gave Thomas the name of Doubting Thomas. All are all good. The words of the Bible will attest to that. I say, put them all together . . . enthusiasm, deep thought . . . and you have complete faith."

The room grew very quiet. I took me a while to absorb what Aunt Martha had said. After a while I began to realize that Aunt Martha was right. Complete faith is not to be pigeonholed into one category. Complete faith is a composite of all the parts of mind and soul.

* * * * *

The Anchor

Mary Lavinia Silvia

When mankind disillusion me
And things are not serene
I look above — because my faith
In God remains supreme.

the consuming illness of our time is our immaturity."

How to Live With Your Emotions

Katherine Bevis

MY HUSBAND AND I many times, while reminiscing, recall an experience we had years ago. We were driving through the mountains in a heavy storm. All at once our car came to a stop. Looking out we were perilously near the edge of a three-hundred-foot ravine. And there we were both made to renew the danger of sheer liv-

ing in spite of our precarious position. We were soon rescued. And after a few hours we were safe in a hotel room, comfortably seated, watching the spectacular or dramatic rescue. The highway patrol had come to these winter hazards with a load of sand and, spreading it under the wheels of our car, had us very soon on our way.

It took just sand and grit to help us get to the top and down the other

side. It is possible in this life, and very possible, that at many turns we meet moments that require all we have just to go on living. And to do so, when it is impossible, impossible to live through another hour, is the test of crisis of life.

We remember, in just such tests, that COURAGE and FAITH are the sand

and grit that help us OVER THE TOP.

It was William James, the eminent psychologist, who antedated modern depth psychology when he stated that, "Men habitually use only a small part of the powers they possess."

All of us have access to the same forces. Then what prevents us from using this power?

No one can hope to use this "sand and grit power" that God has made available to all, no matter how intelligent we may be or think we are, if we constantly react to neurotic fears, unreasoning hates, bitter and unacknowledged resentments, and fanatical prejudices.

As some one has said: "The consuming illness of our time is our immaturity, our refusal to grow up." We brand ourselves as undeveloped when we are unwilling to face facts, but always having the tendency of children, when they are caught doing something they have been told not to do, to use a subterfuge as old as the race (the first chapter of Genesis), using an alibi, blaming someone else.

Depth psychology tells us that in order to live with our emotions we need to untie the tangle of suppressed negative feelings that have been buried in the subconscious mind.

Thus we release the vitality, the energy, the creative capacity that has been enmeshed in our negative tie-ups.

Only as we grow up in the sense of knowing how to use this "sand and grit" (prayer and faith) can we reach this goal. And only as we reach this goal can we know how to live with our emotions. For it is this "sand and grit" that, touching the emotional life, suddenly transforms us from previous inertia and lethargy into bounding en-

thusiasm and dynamic energy, energy that takes us over the top.

Joseph Fort Newton once said that this can continue to be the work of the free only as it is the work of the brave.

In order that we may be "ature" in the knowledge of using "sand and grit" God has so abundantly provided for us, we need be brave enough to look at our lives impersonally and see ourselves as we are.

This, Too, Will Pass

Eve Tyson

This, too, will pass
 This storm, this wild unrest . . .
 The angry wave will bear upon its crest

A harbinger of peace . . .
 Surcease of clangor—
 Quietude and rest and all that's best.

This, too, will pass
 This groping in the dark . . .
 The dawn will tint the sea again with rose

And sails will flutter
 To a calmer wind . . .
 An overtired world will find repose

giveness can do more than pills for the chronic disease that comes from resentment and hatred. It is the cure Christ used.

Love Cancels Hate

Robert G. Tuttle

HATE MUST BE CONSIDERED one of the most destructive of emotions. One New doctor, I am told, suggests per cent of all patients coming to him have resentment in their histories, and adds that forgiveness would do more good than

ed, bitterness, resentment, or forgiving spirit hurts not only individual against whom it is directed, but, like the recoil of a big gun, can be even more destructive to individual harboring it.

was continually digging in emotions which produced deleterious consequences. In the Sermon on the Mount he suggested that only would the murderer be forgiven, but also the man who held a grudge in his heart.

"Interpreter's Bible" points out that moods and emotions cannot be tried in the courts of man, "God's Court." We add that within our bodies are vital organs which constantly sit in judgment upon our moods and tempers. The brain, the heart, the nerves, the blood pressure constitute the jury that can quickly condemn us for

our blighting bitterness and overconsuming resentments.

Literally, anger "burns us up"! It can completely ruin life.

Rev. Norman Vincent Peale reminds us of the physical reactions produced by getting mad: the automatic tightening of the fists, the constriction of the throat, the shortness of breath, the raising of the voice's pitch, the rigidity of muscles. All of this is the automatic preparation for a fight, which is a carry-over from cave-man days.

In an age of civilization where men can live only through co-operation, this terrific physical drive bound up with temper needs to be re-directed. Anger may be only momentary, but hatred becomes a chronic disease.

Revenge is not sweet. Hate is an emotional disease. Not even "a healthy bank account" can bring happiness to "a sick soul."

This tortured world in which we live is the aggregate result of millions of individual animosities, grudges, moods and tempers. Clearly, God would have it otherwise. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," is still a sane injunction.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

To say that every man has a right to "two good hates a year" is like saying that every man has a right to two good cases of smallpox.

Jesus realized most keenly how our relations with God are dependent upon our relations with man. For this reason he reminded his hearers, "When thou bringest thy gift to the altar and rememberest that thy neighbor hath aught against thee, go and be reconciled to thy neighbor and then come and offer thy gift." As it is impossible to worship and worry at the same time, so also is it impossible to come into the presence of God while we hate our brothers.

Trying to worship God while we are terribly at odds with someone else is like worshiping with a lump in your soul. We cannot receive a blessing while we are hating someone.

These animosities arise so quickly in a world where people live house to house and work elbow to elbow. Perhaps more of the saving grace of forgiveness is needed in our generation than in the roomy generation of our grandfathers. People rub us the wrong way. Small incidents grow into open conflict or gnawing resentment.

A few years ago, we moved to a new parsonage and discovered that the hedge between the parsonage and the next house was terribly over-

grown. Thinking that the hedge on parsonage property, I employed a man to trim it.

That evening when my neighbor came home from work, I discovered that the scraggly hedge was his property and was two inches on the other side of the line. 'Thus arose another international incident' which took the form of Christian grace to resolve.

At the present moment you may be carrying a grudge or harboring some deep resentment. Animosity may be tying up your digestive system or smoldering anger may be pumping up your blood pressure.

Have you ever analyzed this situation which so destroys your peace of mind? How did it start? Did the other person know about it? Does he know how you feel about it? Did he do it intentionally? What is his background?

Was there any provocation or insult on your part? Have you ever admitted your share of the guilt? If the situation had been reversed, might not you have done the same thing?

Have you tried to effect a reconciliation? Have you written to him? Do you speak to him? Do you constantly leave the door of your heart open to reconciliation?

Facing up to our pet grievance in this matter might help us to see the matter objectively and might lead us to a reconciliation which would promote happiness in both our lives. It may be something so trivial that the

lution would be to forget it. Perhaps its importance demands that I go to the person and talk it out, willing to bear our part of responsibility. If the other person refuses such an advance, then I need to act toward him with good will—and leave him to God!

A minister friend told me of a man who came to him almost at the point of self-destruction because of growing difference between him and his boss. Every moment of his life had been filled with bitter-

ness. This man and his boss were brought together in a little chapel. As they prayed together, the differences were resolved, friendship was restored—and the person about to destroy himself found that life was renewed.

Some years ago, after a vigorous motherly and sisterly disagreement, three children retired only to be awakened at two o'clock in the morning by a terrific thunderstorm. Hearing an unusual noise upstairs, I called out what was going on.

A little voice answered, "We are in the closet forgiving each other."

Sometimes a storm can clear souls as well as the atmosphere.

What about the case that you just solved. You want to get rid of the mate, but you are stymied. You forget it.

Jesus had an answer: "Love your

enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

This seems drastic. Do good to them that hate you? Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you?

As drastic as it seems, try it and you will discover that it is the final therapy. It will break the bitterness when nothing else will.

There is power in love; there is also power in good will. This was the power with which Christ overcame the world. It was the strength with which Stephen reached out in death and gripped the heart of Paul.

But what if this old trouble persists—the person continues to be unrepentant and unco-operative; insult is added to injury; the thorn in the flesh is twisted day after day?

I recall the situation of a fine Christian mother living next to a person who, because of an inferiority complex mixed with envy, day after day did things to annoy her Christian neighbor. The mother tried every mode of reconciliation to no avail. The premeditated annoyance continued year after year. It was about to produce ulcers.

What is the answer? Christ answers, "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Things impossible with man are possible with God!

In this problem of anger and resentment many times (having reached the limits of our own strength) we are forced back upon the grace of God. In God there is a peace, not of man, which enabled Jesus—suffering on a cross—to pray, "Father, forgive them."

Such an ability to forgive is not of this world, but can be given by God to every person who sincerely wants it. It is the peace of patient understanding. It is the grace of God working through our own lives.

In this strength we forgive seventy times seven, we live in a spirit of good will and forgiveness. Life becomes an "adventure in good will." We begin to love difficult individuals, even though we cannot like certain characteristics which are theirs.

Hate becomes a chronic disease, human relations are broken, health

is violated, the bitterness of life more than we can stand. Christ says, "Be reconciled to thy neighbor and then come and worship."

But how? Christ says, "Do unto him, pray for him." But Christ says, "My peace I give you, not as the world giveth."

I discover that I can receive peace of Christ in the midst of irritating circumstances: the leaves my soul; I have found through him.

Now, by the grace of God, I feel good will toward those who spitefully use me. I can react out vindictiveness toward friend or foe alike. I have found peace of soul. Through me the healing spirit has begun to enter into human relationships.

Under God, I have become aware of the redeeming force active in the tortured human situation.

Eternal Pledge

Ruth Lommatzsch

God has not promised
Joy without tears
Skies without rain
Peace without fears—
Nor has He promised
Happiness through
Life without quarrels
Friends not untrue—
But He has promised
Rest for the weary
Peace for the soul
Undying Love
And a Heavenly goal.

I have walked with lepers so long that I have no fears of new dangers."

The Aborigines and "T. B."

Lillian R. Dickson

Lillian R. Dickson, former pupil of Glenn Clark at Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn. writes from Formosa where she has been a missionary for many years. In a recent letter to her friends in America she told of a brief trip she had made to visit churches of the aborigines.

TWO WEEKS AGO there was a week of prayer by the missionaries for various phases of work. When it came to a day of prayer for the aborigines, I was overwhelmed with remorse, thinking now I had not yet gone back. As we kneel in comfort in a room feeling self-righteous to even this little time and fight for them, while they are dying by the hundreds of T. B. and its deadly cares . . ." My eyes were filled with tears at the thought of my own selfishness and stupidity. It was Friday night.

On Monday we left for the far East Coast. The plane made record time. No one knew why except me. Now we had angels pushing the plane, making us hurry. "The King's mess requireth haste." Angels preceded the old, old taxi far up the river, through river beds and run-off water; angels directed our steps

to the right place, the right people; angels stood beside us pointing out the view of the Pacific below, the land for a garden for a T. B. place, the Christian doctor nearby. Angels took us further up the coast where the huge cement building, once a factory, stood on the very shores of the Pacific. At every step of the way we realized, "It is the Lord."

I went to see the Christian doctor, a Formosan man, tall and commanding in appearance. I told him "We discovered in our tour of the churches over here that many among the Ami tribe have T. B., and when we went back to Taipeh we learned that the government statistics rate it as 30 per cent. He said, "These Ami people are my patients, and I will tell you that it is 60 per cent." "Is anything being done to isolate the heavy cases so that children and babies and others will not be infected?" And the answer again was, "No." We went to see the head of the government of that district. He told us, "Not only the Ami tribe. Why, we have villages among the Paiwan tribe where T. B. is as high as 80 per cent. You must try and have a place for the Paiwans."

Our plan is very simple and adapted to the simple people we serve.

We shall have two or three places not too far from the tribes, where we can provide sunshine and good food, bamboo beds (about \$1.00 U. S. each), bedding (about \$4.00), a couple of mountain girls, who have been trained as nurses, in attendance, and doctors to visit regularly. We are quite sure we can get the drugs necessary free of charge or at least at a nominal cost, because always in a plan like this Christian doctors and agencies, in the end, help.

Tuberculosis or T. B. is usually brought into a new country as a white man's disease. That is why it is called, "the white killer." It is the White Killer now who stalks over the mountains of Formosa leaving death on his trail wherever his fetid breath is felt. It is time that I walked with the White Killer going everywhere he goes, trying to check his hand. Sixty per cent in the Ami tribe, 80 per cent in some Paiwan villages, 50 per cent in the Bunnan tribe! Dear God, go with me on this latest adventure. It is something that few care to do as they feel it is going into the chambers of death to work so closely with these heavy cases. But I have walked with lepers so long, I have no fear of new dangers. If the angels tapped my shoulder for this job, then that is fine, for I respond gladly, keen to get on with it and try to work it out. And I know women at home hearing of this dis-

covery will feel the same way as it as I do. It is a housekeeper's job, separating the heavy cases, saving the babies and children, making the sick ones comfortable and happy in their new surroundings which will be not too far from homes so they will not be lonely.

It is amazing the way the mumps bursts its bonds and grows all out of proportion to our expectations. On January 16th we had the opening of our Christian Center for aborigines at Po-li. It was a bright, beautiful day, blue sky, mountains with snow in the distance, and yet cherry blossoms in bloom in the valley below. A little red brick building was crowded with aborigines from the mountains who had come to worship us and together thank God for our gift. Shortly after the opening I sped away, leaving the doctor, nurses, and a boy who could act as dispenser in charge. When I arrived in Taipeh I was holding my cheek cautiously and aware that mumps was probably coming down. Two days later, still in bed, I received a letter from the doctor at Po-li. "I haven't forty patients, I have fifteen," he wrote. "We have them tucked away in a little workhouse just anyway, ten of them have T. B. and should be in with the others." It had happened as Bjarne had predicted. The mountain people are sick

they find a place to bring sick, we are swamped. We had a truckload of bamboo beds bedding to be taken up the mountain to Po-li and we have a place there in which to put our sick patients, but—this is only a temporary spell. Just as in the child's work we do not turn away a child in genuine distress, so in medical work we will not turn away a single person who is really sick. In the Name of Christ we will do our best to help them and make them well for them. We shall have to decide of what to do next in order to make adequate care of those who are very sick among the mountain people.

It seems to me that I have had a busy business with boys this month. They are taken from the prison to their homes. One late afternoon I was compelled to go to the Chinese prison with that nameless compulsion that I call the "angel's whisper on my shoulder." I went and found the boys, miserable-looking in their dirty shapeless clothes, their bowed heads and mournful eyes. As I said, I looked for new boys, trying to find out if they were orphans who needed our help. "This is all we could go," shouted one of the older ones. "He has never done anything bad. His mother was poor and could not keep him." "Nobody would take him," said another fully. "He isn't bright enough."

The boy in question was crying as they jibed him, and all my defenses were down at once. I put my arm around him and whispered, "I'll come for you tomorrow morning." We did get him out, and after a few days we even got him fitted into the public school, and now his face is all sunshine and content, part of the Boys' Home at last. Other boys too have come, three from the Pescadore Islands, their eyes big and asking questions, two from the Golden Gate Island, another orphan boy from the south.

Our orphanage for all kinds of orphans, boys and girls, all ages and kinds, will be ready this week I hope. We have several children waiting. All of the more-than-fifty children and babies of leper parents whom we shelter in our various little Homes and protect from leprosy, are well, despite the cold winds that lap at our houses and come in through every cranny and crack.

Our hearts are filled to overflowing with joy for a gift from His Hand through the American Foundation for Overseas Blind. We had set up a Trade School for the Blind under them, but many more came to weave the towels than we had looms. They would sit wistfully on a bench waiting to see if they could have a turn, knowing there was no room for them. Now we can help them much more. We have rented a huge old house and are renovat-

ing it, joyfully fixing it up to hold many looms for all the blind who wish to weave. There is a very large yard adjoining which they have given free of rent and now I am also busy planning a garden for the blind, wide gracious walks, fragrant flowers, a tiny fountain so that they

can hear the water and feel This will give the blind student a safe place to walk in the cool of the evening. Did you ever have a garden for the blind? What adventures one has when working for God. Love to my friends everywhere.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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C. O. Dunham
(Signature of business manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1956.

(SEAL)

C. R. Youngren
Notary Public, Ramsey County,
(My commission expires June 6, 1957)

The world's greatest need today is an honest, sincere, and faithful turning to God."

Thank God for Glenn Clark

W. R. Cullom

THE CHILDREN of Dr. Glenn Clark sent out a little paper a while ago announcing the of their father in the early ing of August 26, 1956. He truly one of the few world tians of this day, and his pass- from us leaves a large and dis- gap in our ranks. Who will in to fill that gap? Of course erson can take the place of an- in the Christian life; each one fill his or her own place if place is filled. If each of us are left in the flesh will fill wn place as well as Dr. Clark his, there will be no lack of and women to carry on the work he Kingdom throughout the . As the call came, "Whom I send, and who will go for to the young prophet Isaiah, may all of us hear God's call ne passing of Dr. Clark and er that call as did the young n saying, "Here am I; send

I were asked as to the world's est need today I should reply ediate. "The world's great- eed just now is an honest, sin- and faithful turning to God elp and guidance that can come from Him. Through the kind-

ness of a friend it was my rich privilege to have almost a week with Dr. Clark at Kanuga Lake near Hendersonville, N. C. in September, 1954. The special meeting that was on at Kanuga Lake was one of Dr. Clark's C. F. O. Camps. The let- ters C. F. O. stand for *Camps Farth- est Out*, and the two key words of these camps are "Love" and "Pray- er." This man of God has pro- jected many of these camps in vari- ous parts of the earth. May his pass- ing be used of God for setting for- ward in a great way the two key purposes of the movement with which his name and personality have come to be identified.

If I were asked as to the most important movement that Dr. Clark has left behind him, I should say at once, "It is the United Prayer Tower at Saint Paul, Minnesota." There are many thousands of names collected here from all parts of the earth for whom prayer is asked and earnest prayer is offered for them each day. My own name is there and I am proud to have it so. One of the most helpful little devotional pamphlets that comes to me is the little monthly leaflet called *Manual of Prayer*. Any person may have his or her name placed in this col-

lection by making such request of the *United Prayer Tower*, 1571 Grand Avenue, Saint Paul 5, Minnesota.

I am profoundly grateful for my brief contact with Dr. Clark and feel that this touch will be a part of me for good through eternity. And one of the most encouraging signs

on the horizon today for me is the number and the earnestness of people who in one way or another are trying to turn to God for which, I repeat, can come from Him. And again, I feel that may the passing of this dear man to God be a loud and strong call to all who knew and loved him.

* * * * *

When Dr. Glenn Clark used to dream with us about the expansion of the Prayer Tower there was one idea to which he came back time and again. "When the time is right," he would say, "everyone will want to have a share in it by buying a brick for the new Prayer Tower." It would be a universal building because there would undoubtedly be a brick for every state in this country and also from many foreign countries. This was a dream that made him very happy.

Since Dr. Clark's death last August 26th, all sorts of gifts have come into the Prayer Tower for the Glenn Clark Memorial, and already we have over twenty thousand dollars for the expanded work and for the new building. Now comes a letter from someone who had never heard Dr. Clark dream about "bricks" for the Prayer Tower. We do not believe in "accidents" or in "coincidents" in matters of this sort. Glenn is still working!

"Why can't we all join hands now in building the NEW Prayer

Tower as a MEMORIAL FOR DR. CLARK? It occurred to me that if a letter were sent to your mailing list, suggesting that each one buy a BRICK or as many as they wish, at "\$1.00 each, this building might go up in a day and be equipped; and every brick it would be made up of the same as he taught us so much about. If human beings respond more readily to a tangible effort, and instead of just being invited to contribute toward the new building were presented as a MEMORIAL GIFT and tribute to our beloved Glenn Clark, I think it just might go sailing right to the skies. I might suggest possibly that each person in making his Christmas add to it a certain number of dollars for the new United Prayer Tower in memory of Glenn Clark. Perhaps they would even walk the second mile, and each person ask his friends to send \$1.00. If anything I can to help."

Juanita Lee
Myrtle Beach, S.C.

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